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SEPTEMBER 1977

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Esquire

100 THINGS EVERY COLLEGE GRADUATE SHOULD KNOW

**EXPOSING SKULL AND BONES—
THE MOST SECRET SOCIETY**

**The Meanest S.O.B.
on Campus
by Nora Ephron**

**Exclusive Photos: When
Farrah Fawcett Was a Co-ed**

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MONEY

Anatomy of a sweet investment

If you are at all "into money," and perhaps even if you're not, you are instantly being bombarded with, and forced to make determinations about, different investment alternatives. Some sound, some fall—most you choose to ignore altogether. Here is the anatomy of one such investment decision made with all the clarity of thought and professional aplomb you would expect of a sophisticated business-school graduate like me.

It began with a form letter from Merrill Lynch letting me in on Merrill Lynch's latest thinking on sugar. Merrill Lynch's latest thinking on sugar was: Buy.

Admittedly, the letter noted, commodity speculation isn't for everyone; but for those for whom it is appropriate, the plus in sugar offered some really good leverage and lots of upside potential. (In the investment parlance, that's "upside potential" and "downside risk.") Why there is not, simply, potential and risk is a five-point I have never fully grasped: By entering up \$2,000, I could control a contract for future delivery of 115,000 pounds of sugar—enough for anybody's cereal—and stand to make \$1,120 for every penny that sugar rose.

Ordinarily, I can such letters away without a second look. What do I know about sugar? What has to do with such a letter? I can't make any investment decisions by reading form letters? But having been given \$10,000 by Eugene to invest—and to keep, lose or multiply—it, the only thing I can read the letter through and make in the coupon for Merrill Lynch's fall report. I don't believe I included my phone number, but they got it anyway, so I can know they know. Instead of the report, I got a letter from a very sophisticated version of the kind of person who calls to tell you a magazine subscription. We went through the subscription preliminaries, during which I feigned surprise at getting a call instead of a research report and he feigned surprise at my not yet having received the report. He then moved on to cashing me in as a prospect—meaning, had I ever traded commodities with Merrill Lynch before? As a matter of fact, since for a brief period I had—from the desire of my taste, he knew



not to ask how I had made out.

Sugar. Ah, the sweet opportunity is sugar. What with the Russian and Chinese surprise purchases having moved off some of the pressure, he said, and the possibility of government buying the supports or import quotas—although... but... perhaps... in which event... our opinion... with steps at 8.40 on the July contract... upside potential... downside risk... how much of a position was I considering today?

Well, I explained, I was considering taking no position at all, because I didn't know what he was doing and I didn't know sugar that way. And if we knew so much about everyone else, what edge did we possibly have?

I should note that this is more of a problem for the client than for the broker. The broker makes the same conclusion: whether sugar goes up or down, although the longer the client keeps from getting word out, the more times he can be traded in and out of various positions dropping bid or ask time into the brokerage firm's box.

Each of my questions was met with a polite, if somewhat conde-

scending response that sounded as if it were being read, with underhand-side brevity, from a printed research report on the broker's desk. Doubtless I was not the first of the day to be read to from this report; and would be the last.

We agreed, after about half an hour back and forth, that I would wait to see the research material Merrill Lynch would now certainly send, and that I would follow sugar daily to see how it was moving. If I didn't invest this time around, maybe I would take a bet on some future commodity speculation. The broker (I assume) signed an index card over to the printing pit on his right and began drafting the answer on the next card.

I started thinking Sugar had been as high as sixteen cents three years ago and now was down to a glacial size cent. True there was a time when sugar futures were traded and the price of the contract fell to less than the cost of the seeds in which they were kept. But how much farther could sugar possibly fall? Its all-time low in recent memory was slightly above five cents in 1972—seven year memory stretches back to 1959, when it was two cents, or 1947, when it was little more than a penny.

Part of the argument that sugar was actually awfully cheap and that Merrill Lynch might have a point. Certainly leverage isn't over let as if they were, deep down in their corporate consciousness, that what they are really providing is not information rather than any genuine way to beat the financial odds. Presumably, Merrill Lynch really believes that if you follow their advice, you will do better than if you don't. It may even be true!

However, most of us argued that even successful professional commodity speculators lose money on most of their trades, so unless I was very lucky playing this bet or unless I decided to get into this game as a continuing habit on the hope of occasionally making a killing to offset all my little losses (and all my little brokerage commissions), I had best stay clear.

But how interesting would it be? How could I make a column about it? (Continued on page 56)

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

At its birth in 1945, *Esquire* magazine came perilously close to being called *Tom & Company*. To avoid it, founding editor Arnold Gingrich found himself obliged to be in both of his partners, which he says is his book *Nothing But People*, was "misleading. I had never done, though I had often led to each of the interests of the other, in my wishful role of guardian of the press."

It is not surprising that Tom & Company was seriously considered as a title, even though it would have been wistfully derivative. When it was still a mere gleam in Gingrich's eye, the magazine was meant to serve the American campus. And to maintain the idea of the *American* campus.

One of the first articles Gingrich bought was a piece by life at Princeton written by Roger Lambert Jr. He called it *Tom & Company*. Gingrich had seen the title before, as he changed it to *Princeton Personae*, "obviously not an improvement, but the best I could do with the pressure I was under at the time." The story ran in our very first issue.

Some forty-four years later, in our biggest college issue ever, the first article is about the joys of undergraduate life at Princeton. *Less An* (for came up with the idea. It is called *For the Kid Who Has Everything*—Princeton. We have inserted a little bit about titles over the years.

Not that we didn't have trouble with the name. The first article of *Stuff and Things*, by Ron Rosenbaum, just about drove us crazy.

S&T is a Yale secret society that practices high masonic justice. Two things can be said about Rosenbaum: They are some of the most powerful people in the country, and they are some of the most sensitive. So it seems only natural that we would have used our staff.

We had to make sure—for his sake as well as ours—that he wasn't aware of what was up, at least as long as the article was safe in our offices. We couldn't be sure that his agents or bosses didn't run for help, so this is by letter to Esquire. After all, we merely employ him; we've never asked him to get asked in a real job for us. Therefore to make

sure he didn't learn about the project, what we had to do was—

For weeks there was an article entitled *College*. Struck by Ron Rosenbaum's dutifully noted on the various lists and schedules that get passed around the office. Whenever someone who wasn't in it asked what the hell this college-society thing was about, he was answered with a shrug and a "you know... fraternities... that stuff." Lightweight piece... The cover had an odd *Esquire* emblem.

Now, according to the rituals, a Rosenbaum is required to leave the room whenever one of the uninvited others the name "stuff and things." It makes it hard to do because when one of your valued editors keeps leaving the room every five minutes at editorial conferences. So we started talking about "the piece" or "Rosenbaum's piece" or some other euphemism.

In the end, our favorite Rosenbaum gave us absolutely no help. We could like to point out to any of his fellow media who are disturbed by the piece that he is a perfect gentleman (which is not of the past, not) and so no way at all for the piece.

Rosenbaum and Esquire should take full credit. We don't know what it is about Rosenbaum and mystery, but he always loves to convert them and to leave them. Over the summer three appeared in *High* France magazine a serial called *Myer* at Esquire. It was a sort of mystery spoof and because it was so good, we had there wasn't much else to talk about in New York, it got people talking. They wondered who was of the characters were meant to be and who the writer of the piece was were nobody had ever heard of George R. R. R., the by-tenet author. Well, we are here to tell you that R. is none other than Rosenbaum. We figured it was a right when you see the wonder in question takes place at exactly 11:22 a.m. That is a number Rosenbaum makes much of in his piece on Ruff and there even of his great significance in the rituals. The first term to spot the 11:22 in a connection was our approval Rosenbaum. We hereby publish his findings in the interest of fair play.

—G N

Mitsuo to Minolta by Irving Penn



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JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

THE COAST

Memories of a left feller

This is my last season. This is the year I hang up my spikes and give my glove to children's hospital and take off the white uniform with the blue number 38 on the back—there's a star on how I was assigned a number that high, but I'll get to it later—and shake hands with Nabe Kawanen, the clubhouse boy (it's funny calling Nabe a boy; he's older than I am), and goodbye with Tommy Lasorda, although as far as I'm concerned, Walter Alston will always be the manager of the Dodgers (I remember last year when Allan Malsin, of the World-Examiner and Walt was out of touch with us players and should quit, and Walt called Malsin "fat" which under the circumstances probably was not the smartest thing for the Skip to have said, but as facts go, it was rare moments when anything you're likely to see in the Examiner on any given day) and walk out of the Dodger clubhouse for the last time. That's right, I am packing it in. I suppose there'll be a "day" for me—the last home stand against Houston—and I suppose if we make it into the playoffs and the season my retirement will be postponed, but what happens in October happens. All I know is that in 1978, I will no longer be in left field for the Los Angeles Dodgers. I am sick of the travel and I am sick of the aggravation, and now California has me down against certain night-batters. Bilee that, say I. There's never been a pitcher here I couldn't hit, you can look it up. I'm 905 lifetime against Seaver, and him and Malsin and Gibson are the three best I ever hit against, and a pitcher is the luck, and in case you're interested, I'm 285 lifetime against Malsin and 315 against him. Gibson do that's it, goodbye, Charlie, goodbye, Old John is calling it quits....

If they come in a surprise to some readers to learn that I have been the regular left feller for the Dodgers, in both Brooklyn and Los Angeles, for the past thirty-five years. At any given time, my actual tenure in left field has only been for twenty-five or twenty of those thirty-five years, for as I grew older in my non-uniformed life, I kept packing up the date of my make year from 1952 to

1943 to 1951 and finally to 1968. In my previous life, I wrote the odd book or the odd film for the likes of Paramount or RKO, but that is strictly a Clark Kent or Bruce Wayne story. No literary fervor has ever penetrated my doable life in sport, after all, be rather difficult for John Gilson to accept the fact that for the past fifteen years she's been sleeping with a former National League hitting champion, although twice on the field I surely blew my cover with an authorial reference to letter letters. The first was in the Old Fashion Field in Pittsburgh, when I told Jim Gilson we stop that what I liked about Real

fantasy. So be it, I just happen to love the Dodgers in more ways than Elizabeth Bennett loved Robert Browning. When I was a very young boy I believed that I personally controlled the destiny of the Dodgers, that the team's on-field record was determined by my moral transgressions of the earth commensurate. In 1940, when the team finished in seventh place and lost twenty-one games, I was convinced that my sins would become known and that I would never see father then a job. Nothing was true and compassion was actually, before me, I stopped reading the papers with any. The 1963 season was thus self-motivated



Real's sports writing was the particular underlying rhythm of his sentence structure. Jim just looked at me for a while and finally he said, "I got to take infield." From that day to this we've never had much to say to each other beyond "His God ball bats down" or "His curve ball breaks straight down" or "Alton" or "Bile to go." The second time was in Oakland during the 74 Series. I saw Regan Angel before the third game and said how that is getting him in baseball was like reading college on anti-Vietnam—now both I said, understand the social architecture I never saw anyone look at me. I suppose it had never occurred to him that a left feller with a pulled hamstring is still in 327 that year, even with no leg bats because of the hamstring might have read the future events.

There will be some who will suggest that I suffer from a serious schizophrenia, that fantasy has slipped across the evenly line into a dangerous and perhaps comatose

vision, and a San-game romp of the Yankees in the series.

Gotta enough, I did my occasional forays into the Dodger clubhouse facilities, and I have now reached the age where I see these young athletes in various stages of maturity and as legs of summer but as the son dealers of the red hot instant future, the insurance salesman, pitching coaches, beer distributors—men of action, in other words—the more fortunate among them possibly position on Hollywood Squares. The dream is fantasy, the better man, a real world where a pitcher discovers how to apply his job to the private parts of a Philadelphia group, and the manager is the model of a being struck tells a sportswriter that there are two things everybody has time of—an opinion and an ashtray. There is an autobiographical picture of Frank Sinatra in the manager's office and three photos of Don Rickles, the manager board lists a BUCKER STADLER WALKER to JULY 1992. In fantasy, (Continued on page 147)

THE LONGER WE BUILD THEM THE LONGER THEY LAST.

If how long a car lasts is any indication of how well it's built, you'll be interested to know that Volvos have been lasting longer.

Latest figures from the Swedish Motor Vehicle Inspection Company show that in the last ten years, the average life expectancy of a Volvo in Sweden has increased by 37%.

We can't guarantee a Volvo will last the same length of time in this country. But it's nice to know the potential for survival is there.

Of course, reducing the speed with which a Volvo travels to the junkyard isn't the only improvement we've made in ten years. We've also found a lot of ways to make that trip safer and more enjoyable.

We've introduced rack and pinion steering because it's surer and more precise.

We've improved our entire suspension system. So you get a smooth ride...even over unimproved roads.

We've redesigned our engines to make them faster and more efficient.

In high-speed passing, the Volvo 264—with its overhead cam—surpasses a BMW 320i. The Volvo 240—with its fuel-injected, overhead cam 4-cylinder engine—out-accelerates a Cutlass with a V-8.

We've also made the inside of a Volvo a more comfortable place to spend like years.

In 1966, the average life expectancy of a Volvo in Sweden was 12 years. Latest figures show up to 16 years.

We've added a 12-outlet heating and ventilation system that keeps the air continuously fresh.

In 1964, we introduced orthopedically-designed bucket seats. Which we've been improving ever since.

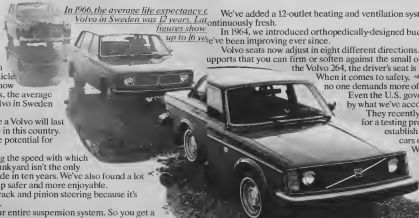
Volvo seats now adjust in eight different directions. They have lumbar supports that you can firm or soften against the small of your back. And on the Volvo 264, the driver's seat is heated.

When it comes to safety, no one demands more of Volvo than Volvo. Even the U.S. government is impressed by what we've accomplished.

They recently bought 24 Volvos for a testing program that will help establish safety standards for cars of the future.

What all of this proves is simple. A Volvo may last a long time.

But you'll get a lot more out of it than years.



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MEDIA

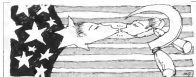
Quick, write a novel

October 5, 1978

David Oberst, Editor in Chief
Deanbarnett, Kleven & Rooters Inc.
One Third Avenue
New York, New York 10017

Dear Dave

Okay, lookin' here's the new outline I couldn't make it work with your idea. I just don't know I could handle the non-science with the President's nine-year-old son as the catalyst—a friend who'd see the tree house behind the White House and there is no way you can see into the bedrooms windows from there, even with the half-crooked binoculars



that he finds in his father's office.

On the other hand, I suppose you're right that *Take My Wife Please!* might be seen as a rip-off of the Kitz-Koppel-Kissinger look, even though as Secretary of State is trying to manipulate the terrorists into keeping his wife so that he can stay with the three-hundred-pound mother who's leading the anti-terrorist campaign in Port Lauderdale. But *Salfer's* novel, of course, killed the idea about the President's son, but I'm still going to try to get in some of the ideas we talked about then, particularly the one about the President's brother who becomes a professional wrestler and wears a warhorse when he comes into the ring as they play *Red to the Chief*.

Anyway, this is it. Except for one thing—Lynn is going to tell Edmund to shove the two and a half nut—I now want livable money than time around.

Best,
Dick

The money man doesn't a fortune leap and step outside into the money night. The bottom line of the large white building is dark and we set the scene. The man, *Salfer*, is a speech writer who has just put the finishing touches on the President's latest energy-crisis speech. After the nationwide television address, the White House press office will release a photograph of the President wearing a nightgown and holding a candle. Nature is cruel, etc.

The Federal Drug Administration has discovered that almost all of the oil in the world is potentially carcinogenic, at least for cancer men in Bethesda, Maryland. The United

rock, garbage man, etc. In fact, *Salfer* spent the last week of his campaign as a sanitation man in east Harlem, but never lost when his opponent disclosed New York City municipal wage rules and benefits and changed T.C. with being the candidate of "the well-paid, well-off and well-paid" *Salfer* has always been driven by his mother, Miss Greta ("My son, the President") the son of his mother, and haunted by fear of exposure of his homosexuality—details of crime, cover-ups, etc., etc.

But to Greta and some of *Salfer's* U.S. Vice-President being garroled in a dark street as he talks to a prostitute, then being thrown into *Salfer* Geraldine's private crusade tank. "The flow of oil has always been the flow of blood," *Salfer* turns into an eight-page history of intrigue in international oil. At an orgy (five pages) in the dictator's guarded palace (an eighty-room affair, spread in several cities from the late Roman except for one symbolic touch—the world's largest bathtub)—*Salfer* celebrates the elimination of the ex-Vice, who, it turns out, represented a Japanese conglomerate trying to develop an anti-cholesterol additive for Arab and American oil. The orgy is rained when the dictator's mysterious son, *Amor* (who had been *Salfer's* roommate at Princeton) comes in to tell his father that the crusade has ended the worst former Vice-President. *Salfer* has discovered the skeleton's American Express card on the tank.

Get to *Salfer* Brunes, *Salfer's* first woman Secretary of State, who first came to attention with her best seller, *The Man with a Cowardly*, which argued that World War II was actually caused by the sexual union of Adolf Hitler's uncle in Austria. A stunning woman with long brown hair and aviator glasses, the long-legged *Brunes* has secretly helped President *Salfer* since the night he was nominated, when he left her room in New York's Plaza Hotel at three a.m., saying that he wanted to have a drink "with the bars." Together with the man who now wants to be her lover (the President's alter ego, *Donald Newcombe*), *Brunes* has been conspiring

The morning after I discovered martinis, I discovered Alka-Seltzer.



I'd really like to tell you about the stupid night I first discovered martinis... if only I could remember.

I do remember traveling with Charlie at the time. I was impressed with his knowledge of back roads and where to get the best chili in town and how to make the best out of a bad hotel. Charlie sure knew how to travel and he never traveled anywhere without Alka-Seltzer.

And, boy, do I remember the next morning. I remember the shaft of light that pierced my brain as I cracked open the blinds to see where I was... or if I was. Then I knocked my collar pin off the dresser. I'll never forget that deafening ping as it hit the floor and, as my hands went up to shield my ears, I knew I was in trouble.

The Plop Plop Fizz Fizz Is Fast Fast.



But there was good old Charlie with his good old Alka-Seltzer.

There was another incredible din as the two tablets hit the water—plop, plop, and suddenly the room was filled with the glorious roar of bubbles—bubbles bursting, rushing to the top of the glass like a thousand gallant soldiers coming to the rescue.

I could scarcely believe the speed with which they calmed my crazy stomach and soothed my aching head. But they did, Charlie, and if you're reading this, thanks.

Today, I never travel anywhere without Alka-Seltzer. And every once in a while, I catch myself singing that stupid song: Plop plop, fizz fizz, Oh, what a relief it is.... But all I can say is, it is, it is.

BOOKS

The American scholar, 1977

There are many teachers who are plastic human, I find almost as sorry for them as I do for their students—though not quite. Outside the lecture, the classroom is probably the only most as general use in which we see so many interesting changes taking place. They can be more interesting changes than the bedroom kind. Transformation, growth, a new sense of possibility—all can be unobserved by even the most willing teacher. One summer I had in a seminar at the University of Minnesota a Swedish farm boy who never said a word. The family still spoke Swedish and he was ashamed of his secret. It was not until I said his first book years later that I realized he had an English mind. A casual remark of mine about Whitman's word structure had started him on his lifelong investigation of poetic theory.



My old teacher Mark Van Doren gave a course at Columbia on the epic poets that was so exciting we used to follow him home to the Village on the Seventh Avenue local as a necessary talent, a talent only that ranged from Homer to Hart Crane. The greatest teacher I ever had never published a line in his life, nor did he have a Ph.D., as one remembers him but his former students. He had an amazing talent, a talent only that ranged from Homer to Hart Crane. The greatest teacher I ever had never published a line in his life, nor did he have a Ph.D., as one remembers him but his former students. He had an amazing talent, a talent only that ranged from Homer to Hart Crane.

But even individuals who like to teach, know what to teach (there is no magic "how" about it), know that the excitement of teaching, like that of any good conversation, comes from learning (even by inadvertence) find it hard these days to sustain the necessary enthusiasm and faith. A college scholar writes "Aristo Karaman as the principle [of] character of a novel by Tolstoy which bears his name [his physical appearance is one of unbridled beauty but not of the merest variety. It is a

beauty . . . which leaves a devastating impression [on] us all those who come into her contact. She is the epitome [of] high society and very much nearer to Jackie Kennedy. She belongs on the wall dressed in . . . A candidate for the M.A. in English. "These women are relatively minor in Greek. First for several reasons. One of these was Twain's observation of the people [of] tradition."

Of course the student must "pretend" and not "pretend" but it is the rare student these days who bothers to correct his or her typing. My impression is that intellectual self-confidence is as low and the writing of anything such as a thesis that the student cannot bear to look the paper over.

There are traditional problems in the schoolroom and there are problems that arise now and peculiarly deplete this traditional problem, like that of the proverbial housewife, is that there are really as good times as the demands that can justly be made on the construction teacher's energy, knowledge, concern.

These days most students in the humanities—significantly called the

classics in most high schools because some of the books assigned were written in the twentieth century—feel ill prepared. They certainly are. So were their parents, so were most of their teachers' teachers. So an anxiety that is well-disposed but disturbing to one's learning ability is pushed at the teacher in a way that impedes the ease, generosity and pleasure fundamental to the act of learning anything. Is the elementary grades and in the high school there are so many ignorant teachers and so much online reliance on "teaching slots" (when there is not enough content on which to exercise these skills) that the gap is filled in with "teaching tools," "teaching machines" lessons by television.

Every mechanical appliance that can be thought up by engineers is the moment education becomes in danger of being lost by the school bureaucracy. The bureaucrats, principals, curriculum committees, deans, policy committees, personnel and budget committees, faculty senates etc., have on the fact that no one in American education is supposed to keep to the same idea of education for more than two terms. If teachers in America were provided the way education is practiced, physicians would in even-numbered years look for the liver on the left side.

The student's need is traditionally (and properly) obscure, ineliminable; the opportunity for the teacher is equally real and invisible. There has never been such a knowledge explosion and such profound, unending intellectual doubt as to whether objectivity is even possible in the physical sciences. "To the super levels of specialism and the great German physicist, Werner Heisenberg, "man carries only the image of himself."

Ideally, the conscientious teacher is one who will not let a mistake go and who will not let it be possible but to evade the student's curiosity. But although our time is intellectually one of acceleration at a rate we cannot even measure, it is the schools the problem is one of "bureaucracy," "bureaucracy," "bureaucracy" and "bureaucracy." The conscientious teacher feels foolish as well as desperate when he sometimes as late as yesterday school has to make up for the student's depression.



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STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

GETTING AWAY

New twists on vacation rentals

For the last back issue, it's an opportunity to relax a little, and from the thousands of light machine tools and both embossed fashion bags. For the sports enthusiast, it's a chance to enjoy some of the world's finest facilities without having to do battle with the rigors of the business trip. And for the family with a couple of kids in tow, it's simply an excuse to relax.

This relatively recent vacation rental scene is many things: a villa in the state of Hawaii, a condominium apartment and the tents of a chic Colorado ski resort, a time-honored but in a vehicle Caribbean beach. The effect is the same regardless of

with a significant number of failures and alternatives. Among most vacation areas that for virtually every failure, there have been new venture capitalists willing to take up the fallen, sun-baked quest, and the net effect has been the needed increase in new leisure projects. The overall population shift toward has provided a further impetus to these developments.

Populism shifts notwithstanding, hotels and far less apartment in laying a home or apartment in these resort complexes than in renting one of these residences (just as an aside, I've always felt that the strongest reason for not purchasing

through the increase in our own population packages will check that).

On your own, just finding out what houses or condominiums are rentable can be a hassle. Unless you know a particular community in which you'd like to stay—and know who handles the rentals—you can be reworking on a Kalkreuth adventure. Just to prove this is necessary, we recently placed a man in charge in Detroit set a score of about 100,000 in such Florida that might be available for rental this winter. Our most recent report by general was an isolated phone call. We began to collect the Greater Miami Chapter of Consumers, which referred us to the City of Miami Convention Bureau, which in turn suggested we try the Miami Board of Realtors. The Board of Realtors gave us the address for the Condominium Owners Association, whose main business, as far as we could tell, is not answering the phone.

But this sort of frustration is fast becoming the exception to the rule. As satisfaction has generated repeat business and enthusiastic word of mouth, service organizations have begun to emerge and many of the traditional members of the travel industry—airlines, conventional travel operators—have begun to participate in the condominium rental area. The result is an increase in package plays that can handle most instead of hotels, making reservations easier to arrange.

The lure of these second-home style rentals is strong. With resort hotels tending more and more to cater to the large or family, the traditional, surrounding areas have been transformed. The area around Waikiki in Honolulu, Colima Avenue in Miami Beach and the Cornelia Street front in San Juan are all examples of density of hotel construction that has transformed the surrounding neighborhood. About nothing of the original terrain remains, and the views from these areas of most of these high-rise hotel structures are of street traffic or other hotels.

Most developers of condominiums and houses built primarily for sale to permanent residents have had to

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layout or locale. The name of the place is almost your own thing in your own (temporary) then. The renting of houses and apartments at vacation sites is fast becoming a popular alternative to the traditional resort hotel.

Since factors are contributing to this trend. To begin with, there are now an infinitely greater number of rental facilities from which to choose, as the construction of second-home projects has continued despite the vagaries of recent economic fortunes. It's difficult to realize that it was only a dozen years ago that the holiday home (or apartment) concept really began to gain acceptance. The stock market was high, the President was conducting the fable about having funds for both men and better, and an increasingly leisure-oriented citizenry was both debating where and how to spend its new idle hours.

Over the last decade, there have been many bumps and valleys in the resort-residence development ranks,

one of these vacation properties is the surrounding of vacation options that such a purchase usually involves. Second homes seldom cost significantly less than one's primary residence, so the investment in time and money for eventually acquiring such an acquisition precludes much peripheral travel.)

At this particular moment, it's not necessary even to entertain the thought of leaving. With a number of major exceptions, even the most exclusive, most desirable, resort communities are available to tourists on some basis that is both economical and easily accessible. As the real questions are, where do you want to go and how do you feel out exactly what is available?

The latter consideration is of some special concern, for the real advantage that condominiums have over the rental alternative is the ease with which a would-be guest can make reservations. It's quite rare for a condominium or vacation villa to be rented through a travel agent

Illustration by Bobbie Lindvall



THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
TR7

give more consideration to immediate crises than their hotel counterparts have. These developments often cover vast stretches of ground, with the green spaces of golf courses and other recreation areas providing a break between buildings. And even the high rises, not visible distant from the hotels, usually offer a ratio of space to occupant that is greater than that of a cityside resort.

Avoid from physical space and amenities, the financial base of vacation rental is equally enticing. The daily toll for a condominium rental is consistently far less per person than a guest of comparable accommodations in a hotel. And remember what we're talking about when I say *comparable*. In a hotel, you and two children would probably require two rooms. A comparable condominium rental would also have two bedrooms, albeit yours are generally larger. And, in a hotel, you would be charged for the use of the common rooms included, but I would explain in addition a kitchen and bathroom (the equivalent of a hotel suite) and might have a terrace or patio to boot. And despite the added space, chances are almost certain that the cost of a condominium would be substantially less expensive than a hotel suite.

It's also appropriate to raise the question of services. No one wants to go on a vacation where all of the chores of home—cooking, cleaning, washing—come along for the ride. Best rule: Maid service is included in virtually every rental, and in some instances, cooks and gardeners are thrown in, too. All it takes is a bit of investigation to discover which resort community offers all the services you want and can afford.

The ritual of seasonal cooking should be sanctified in the light of economic realities. With a glass of orange juice routinely going for a dollar or more in the typical hotel coffee shop, you might not be all that averse to pouring your own from the refrigerator in your apartment—for a touch of the cost. The same might go for a couple of scrambled eggs. And if a barbecue and equipment are included in the apartment package, you might also consider shopping at a local market for a steak to grill on your patio and eat under the stars. The best part is leaving the check.

So where are all these wonderful vacation retreats? The answer is that they're in virtually every conceivable vacation destination in either sun or snow country. Here are the specifics.

For greatest economy, you'd ideally like to enjoy reduced air fares along with your condominium rental, and that means a package deal is

which individuals participate. Just one example of the sort of arrangement now available are the packages covering every corner of Hawaii that are available for \$80 a month. The Pacific Islands, in concert with United Airlines, Details are contained in a brochure entitled "Privacy in Paradise" and include a choice of accommodations at any of the islands. One of the advantages of Travelmark comes from the mainland and the common fare from Honolulu to the neighbor islands are used, and the value is exceptional. Pictures and descriptions of the islands are given, as are a fair idea of what you'll find where you're going and will permit the precise combination of location, accommodations and ancillary facilities to fit your particular

These Hawaiian packages are only one example of the services that exist. One of the best ways to find a selection of available rentals is an area you especially desire is to consult the airline or airlines that serve your particular destination.

Candicans represent the organized end of the mental spectrum, and house and villa rentals are seldom so easily arranged. The number of houses or villas available for weekly rental is small, and the selection is limited to transportation, and they are therefore seldom part of a package program. But that doesn't mean it isn't worth digging for them. Not when there are houses like those at Truett, just west of Monterey. Its owners, the Truett family, are well-known; its amenities are fabulous; with complete villa plan, to share their dining on adjacent island stay. Each home—some in the \$250,000-and-up category—comes with private pool, cablo, gardener and chef. The Truett family also owns and manages the Monterey Peninsula Hotel. Try it all once and know your Truett at all shillies.

There are, incidentally, options beyond buying and occasional rental. One of the by-products of the recent attention to an aerial safari in the U.S. is the realization that there is a big difference between proprietorship and estate occupancy (I won't go into all the legal nuances here). Time sharing was born of a plot of a small island in the Caribbean, and the concept is simple: if you couldn't sell a particular property outright, perhaps it would be possible to lease or license its use. So what you see now is a sale for the actual use of a small piece of the same week each year. You are thus assured of the cost of your choice, in a community you desire, for certain specific vacation weeks. You can also buy a share in a timeshare rental, and if your leisure time

In limited to a two-to-four-week vacation each year, you have your report rhode for the same number of weeks you would use it if you were the owner. And now, with many resort communities managed by large multi-propertyed chains, reciprocal arrangements are even possible, whereby you can change your resort site to other chain-managed resorts.

To close this treatise on rentals, let me try to embody the two most important areas of practical information:

First, because there's as yet no central clearinghouse for condominium rentals, finding what's out there can get a little Ragsdale-Andy. So be patient, and check with the airlines that serve the areas in which you are interested to see if any of their formal packages include rental units. If that fails, inquire at the tourist offices or convention and visitors' bureaus for the cities or counties you hope to visit. Caribbean-island tourist offices are particularly helpful. Local travel

agencies, real-estate boards and online databases on ops are also fertile sources if you're prepared to do some digging. But before you go through all that, check with Creative License in San Francisco if you've got your eye on Hawaii or Mexico. Or try Resort Condominiums International (R.C.I.) in Indianapolis: this is a firm that is primarily in the condominium exchange, or swapmeet, business but often has rental information.

Once you've located the best that matches your vacation wishes, the last step is to be sure you know what you're getting for your fee. Are golf, tennis and swimming clubs available to renters, and if so, at what extra fee, if any? Who pays utility bills? Is maid service included? Who supplies sheets and towels? Pet and room-

Bikes? Can you arrange for a baby-sitter? How far is the nearest shopping centers? How do you get from the airport to the apartment? To the shopping center? How far are the tennis courts, golf course, swimming pool or ski lift? In general, what are the extra fees, if any, above the apartment or house rental charges?

I know it sounds like a long laundry list (you should also inquire about the availability of a washer and dryer), but it's well worth the one-time hassle. The real best thing to being rich is living as though you were, and from the standpoint of luxury or accommodation, environment and quality, as well as economy, the rented vacation home that's not a home is hard to beat. ☺

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THE LANGUAGE

The sacred trust

Language, my lovely concern (if I may adapt from Malherbe), leads me to mistrust habitual offenders against good usage. Their offenses take many shapes. They can betray something like the banality of an assassin, as when Vladimir Alexandrovich, the New York Times film critic, consistently writes "disemboweled" to denote lack of interest, far which the correct word is "uninterested" ("disinterested" means unbiased, impartial). Or they can betray a total incoherence to logic, as when Josep Malina, a professor of English at Temple University—where, to be sure, she teaches film courses, thank God, not English class—refers in her book *Visions from the Japanese Cinema* to a "three-part trilogy about the Second World War." Though a three-part trilogy is undoubtedly preferable to a two-part one, cinema series, I think, is better yet.

This month, however, let me not dwell on appearing the victim of individuals or professional strata; let me try, rather, to speculate a bit about what has been called the spirit or genius of languages in its "genetic roots," the genius or spirit of a place, which varies so precisely from language to language and tells us almost embarrassingly much about the people who speak the tongue in question.

I just realized from a little journey through France and Italy—two fairly sentimental ones, I'm afraid, I bring much of less than stuff than my illustrious predecessor—where I had ample opportunity to reflect on the differences among languages and the cultural differences they reflect. It all began with a little time in the movie column of *France-Soir*, in which a film was described as "une comédie à la française au fond très révérencieuse," a comedy in the French manner almost a background of cuckoldings. Now, this would be unheard of in an American newspaper. "Cuckoldings," or "cuckoldry," simply would not do. The word has become for all practical purposes an anachronism. Clearly, then, the phenomenon at description is anything but obsolete, yet no new synonym for "cuckoldry" has evolved. What has happened is that we have lost our sense of humor about in ritual infidelity (i.e., in adultery) and we view its construction to husbandry,



assuming that we ever had it, and think of it only in earnest, moralistic terms. "Adultery" is our word for it. And it is a grave business—

is theory, at any rate—the stuff out of comedy but of moralistic drama. When you look at our theater and cinema, you find virtually no such thing as comic cuckoldry in it. Currently on Broadway, for instance, there is *Agamemnon*, which is partly about cuckoldry, but in ancient, tragic (thus, really about adultery), and Greek terms; a Brechtian character named Serpina has made a hash of it; Chicago has something in it about unfaithful wives, but it is all turned under other plot and production elements and last night of, Off-Broadway, *Knickerbocker* has a bit of wifely seduction in it, but it is British, and in sophisticated British cuckoldry still counts—besides, the husband gives even more than he takes, so that what is said for the genre is actually a swimming pool for the goddess. In *I Love My Wife*, something in effect that might be called the son of cuckoldry—wife swapping—but it is never consummated. What is characteristic of American comedy in general? Infidelity is con-

templated, honored even, and finally avoided, the latter interpretation of clean dirty joke being the staple of American screen and stage fare.

But yes, there is, now in its third year, *Steve Ford, New York*, about a man and a woman, married but not to each other, who once a year spend a special night together, not so much making love (though that, too) as lovingly discussing their respective families. It is all so sweet and innocent that you can hardly call it cuckoldry or adultery—or even sex. In other words, in our theater as in life, a concept that is very much a *franchise* cannot help wondering whether or cuckoldry could be seen more facetiously in art, and therefore in life, our disastrous divorce rate might not go down a bit.

In Rome, I was having lunch with Lena Wornatzer, the marvelous director, and her husband, Marino Job, the artist and art director of Lina's first Canale Bergey and Giancarlo Giannini, the stars of Lina's first English-language film, *A Night Full of Stars*, were also with us. Lina was saying how much she loved it. However, called *Liberty* in Italian, and wondered along with Marino and Giancarlo was the word "liberty" seemed to be on the surface in English, unspoiled by "freedom." Miss Bergey explained that "liberty" was a longer word, unbecoming, and rather old-fashioned by now. True, but somewhat circular as an argument, "liberty" is obnoxious because it has become obsolete. But Miss Bergey has a good point there about length. We are becoming awfully afraid of—or simply unacquainted with—longer words.

Occasionally, though, Gaudy Patrick Henry has made it with "give me freedom or give me death." It had to be "liberty." Partly for reasons of occasion. A great prose program functions as a lot of verse, and in this tetrameter has the first half perfectly unbroken, "give me freedom," and the second, after the caesura, perfectly unbroken, "or give me death." That is so symmetrically unbroken that it is rhythmically viable. The touch of irregularity, caused by the extra syllable in "liberty" over the audience.

But there is more to this "Li-

erty" ends on a so-called open syllable, i.e., on a vowel. The "y" becomes in the mouth of an orator an extended "ee" that resonates in and up, "liber-ee-ty," it stands in contrast to "death," a closed syllable, i.e., ending on a consonant that takes the vowel off. Try as you may to draw out the "ee," the "th" is right there to put a stop or spigot to it. "Freedom" ends on a closed syllable—an unextended one at that—so there is no way in which the "ee" can be prolonged, the former has feeble sense unbecoming, "freedom" does not stop—liberty" does, but "liberty" is today's American as a long hard, the demagogue thing is to speak small.

After lunch, I watched Miss Wornatzer direct Canale Bergey in the shooting of the new film. Parts of the dialogue, for various technical reasons, were not recorded in direct sound during the shooting; they had to be "dubbed in" afterward at a sound studio. In this particular scene, Miss Bergey, who stars an American photographer traveling in Italy, begs to the defense of a native woman whom a man has been ostentatiously beating up, since it is a multi-racial shot and the lip movement is not very apparent, there is some freedom (if not liberty) in using the English dialogue. In Italian, says Lina, the American woman would shout to her Italian "brother" something like "I couldn't just stand there and let him beat you like a dog." Canale Bergey wonders whether an American would say "beat you like a dog." All right, Lina replies, how about "like a horse" or "like a monkey"? But we don't use those things, either.

Well, not to be that we have become so reluctant for such country phrases. Or that the A.S.P.C.A. has brought us better manners toward our animals? Or that we are hypocrites who do in fact beat dogs, horses, or chickens, but do not make it in the sentence? Or are we Anglo-Saxons simply more hesitant than those lovely Latins?

There is, of course, several Americans in the studio making suggestions, one French, but he does not "like a slave," "like a negro," and "wonder other things, but they all sounded wrong. Either we don't want to create falsehood or we don't want to be in it. In Italy, then, it is an easy language after all, that makes it close heart of central France, and the entire that speaks it, so honest people. Well, indeed, but honest, English there is a great deal of dishonesty evident, national traits, from the genius of a language. French, for example,

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It brings all the low frequency music within audible range, balancing it perfectly with the rest of the music. Without boominess. Without resonance. It also electronically sums left and right signals below 70 Hz—virtually eliminating turntable rumble and record warp noise. And, because of the non-directional character of the low frequency sound, the Ultrabass can be placed almost anywhere in the room. Without any loss of three-dimensional imaging.

The Ultrabass puts one final dividend: it allows the two three-way speakers to be specialists, too.

They can concentrate on the top 95% of the music. (Listen to the whole system, and you'll hear what that means. Even at a rump-curling, rock concert loudness, you'll get a clarity, a smoothness, an enthusiasm for detail you've never heard before.)

Finally, you look for the monster amplifier that's driving all that sound. There isn't one. The L212 takes one fourth the power you'd need with a conventional low efficiency loudspeaker.

That's the story. What you've been reading about is, essentially, a no-trade-off loudspeaker system. Now we'll tell you the trade-off. The price is \$1740 (The L212 may take a little while becoming a household word.)

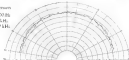
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If you'd like a lot more technical information, write us, and we'll send you an engineers' staff report on the L212. Nothin' fancy except the specs.

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..... 400 Hz
———— 75 Hz
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has a perfectly civilized location for a servers' beating: In French, you beat someone "like plaster." Plaster, you see, cannot take abuse; indeed, it wants to be beaten in, shaped on.

In an interesting popular book on the French language, *Parler français* (which could be translated as "to speak like a peasant" or "chick-hepper talk") by Claude Duneton, the author admires the levelization and democratization of the French language and thanks for the simpler, tricer, more popular way in which English allegedly expresses itself, as against the more formal, abstract, artificial, and elitist French. These Duneton perceives as imposed by nobles and academicians—and later by the bourgeoisie—as peasants and proletarians, the real people. He admires English for being much spier by the people themselves for pleasure and more practical purposes, often in jocular forms. Claude Duneton: "The fear of being ridiculous in English is the fear of being a peasant. It must be admitted that the opposite is frequently the case in French: One is afraid of being ridiculous by using a language that is too clear, comprehensible to everybody."

It is undoubtedly true that many Americans have a horror of consulting a dictionary and consider any reading matter that periodically obliges them to look up words a sort of distress. The hint letters I receive at *NYC* from readers just for me asked respectability are legion. Last but not least, a law student at a Midwestern university actually wrote me a letter asking for the meaning of one of my words because the nearest Webster's dictionary was at the library clerk across the street from him. But there are also letters from happy readers thanking me for expanding their vocabularies, though these frequently come from Sorcerer-born Americans. Now, I can easily see being bored, annoyed, even put off by having to do dictionary work, but I also—after learning, reading, untransliterated into—a return for a bit of linguistic education. I call it *metru* in, because the writer is only the midwife between the reader and the dictionary? seems a nice conceit. Yet there it is: The American wants it short and simple, unlike, say, the Latin.

Take the willingness with which Italian adds extra syllables to a word—many words—whereas in English we tend to keep things Vladimir Nabokov a simple letter. When, with admiration, he wrote "is there" out, we call it *farso*, nihilization, politeness. Some years ago, there was a film by the late Pier Paolo Pasolini

entitled *Uccelloni e Uccellini*, which means "the little birds and the big birds"—or, still more literally, "dog, ugly (or mean) birds." It is all done with softness appended to the basic word "birds." And, besides the diminutive "one," Italian boasts the augmentative "one," as well as the pejorative augmentative "one." The time was officially translated into English as *The Birds and the Bees*, which was inadequate. It did not emphasize the fact that these birds (a metaphor for people, of course) were all the same kind of beast, merely, only some were small and feeble, while others were large and predatory, whereas, as members of the same family, they were all supposed to love one another. Bringing in different species, you lose the implied moral imperative. The Anglo-Saxons or Americans, used for brevity, however, was well served with words of one or two syllables only.

The way imagery is used in a given language is, of course, extremely revealing, too. Serbian folk poetry, for instance, which is our closest modern-day link to Homer both in its structure and in its mode of performance, uses a formulaic metaphor to describe the mouth of a pretty girl: "Her mouth is a box of sugar." Why, you might ask, would the Serbian folk have differed so strikingly from folk poets of other nations, in whom female mouths suggested roses or rosebuds and much, not a aromatic box, however sweet its contents? Because, I suspect, for the Serbs—oppressed and plundered for centuries by the Turks—a box of sugar represented something more than just a delicious, unobtainable wish: Anyone could grow a lovely rose on his patch of land, but to own a lasting supply of sugar?

To go from one extreme to the other, people have often wondered why the basic metaphor of Bulgarians—so unlike the curses of other peoples—should be (I am putting it somewhat more politely) "a horse's member up your anus." Why isn't something about the proximity of your mother, the kindness of your mind, or the unobtainable things you should do to certain parts of yourself, as in other, more civilized, languages? The answer is that the Bulgarians, taken from my back, are anquisitona people who, whether or not descended from Attila the Hun, rots roughed over lands and peoples, devastating them by cavalry attacks and sheer bull power. A Hungarian of these days lives on his house; his middle, under which his shoes of beef were stowed, even served as his most tenderer, for

such a creature, the fitting thing to threaten with was his horse's penis up the enemy's soft harness behind.

And what about that conceivably greatest of English losses vis-à-vis the other European languages, the lack of the personal pronoun's second person singular form—the absence of "thou," except, perhaps, in talking to God? In how many European works of art—novels, better yet, lives—does the great moment occur when two beings who were until then "you" to each other suddenly, perhaps in the middle of love-making, become "thou"? And, conversely, what stunning effects of alienation distancing are achieved when "thou" suddenly reverts to "you"? In English, aware of this. The only intimates left to us is with God, and even that is rapidly growing obsolete.

So let us think about what languages—so just the languages—can do for a culture, or for us. Grasping that, let us avoid such banalities as using "disinfectant" when we mean "antiseptic" or such phrases as referring to "third-part intrigues." Language is a sacred trust. We should nurture it, polish it, encourage it to grow new branches, instead, we lack it around, blunt it and smash it at the point of our very souls.

Books

Continued from page 60 that our too practical intelligentsia has inflicted on us. Our world is so full of social diseases—environmental cancer, nuclear leaks and possible explosions, violent collisions and, above all, wars, an unending chaos—that it should be the first task of intelligence at least to confront these horrors.

There is nothing new about all this. To know that we do not know is bitterly hard. Perhaps only genius is capable of it. "I do not know what I may appear to the world," said Sir Isaac Newton, "but to myself I seem to have been only a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

There is a cultural and scientific affinity, also, among Jews, from my back, anquisitona people who, whether or not descended from Attila the Hun, rots roughed over lands and peoples, devastating them by cavalry attacks and sheer bull power. A Hungarian of these days lives on his house; his middle, under which his shoes of beef were stowed, even served as his most tenderer, for



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JAMES MCKINLEY

OUTDOORS

A good and true truck

About four years ago, American went truck nuts. People who didn't know a semi-articulated berry from a datsun-and-a-half were suddenly slapping on TRUCKS ARE REAL! TURTLE bumper stickers and hanging out their Rustler CB antennas on their toy trucks (often Toyotas) and starting to converse freely with white-line fever and CB chatter. Ten-four this and ten-twenty that and good-budding along the interstate, in slick boots with racing stripes all over them, until the real truckers, those you're supposed to follow in really terrible highway food, those in the eighteen-wheel, fifteen-speed Kenworths and Peterbells and Whites, couldn't hardly keep on trucking for all the Little Rustlers and Blazers and Bangades clogging the lanes, let alone the arrows.

Truck when I was a kid, a truck was just a thing that brought what you needed. Big black metal trucks, steered by big black phlegmily grimy and smelly guys, piled up, dropped the axle, and when? another hard toomer's shoking and disheveling was in store. Bread trucks were large, white and squishy-looking. So were the fetal drivers, but you knew what you had: bread trucks. Some thing good for moving vans, milk wagons, for department-store-goods deliveries, poorly wagons, house deliveries, fire engines, utility cranes and so on. They had personalities, but no electrifiable pizzazz. Nobody you'd want to know ever got their mouths or sexual sensibilities puffed by possessing, driving or otherwise messing with trucks. The things just brought the stuff, and the drivers went home after work and took a bath and didn't brag that they were road kings.

Now it's different for all of us. Not only do trucks make the man and woman, but there's a positive kinship of trucks. For no one is this more true, I think, than for sportsmen. I don't see an extreme heret that people who go outdoors and do things with their hands and bodies and brains—even if it means shoking, looking, observing or tamping some of God's other creatures—see trucks that those who do nothing but sit in climate-controlled areas worrying about their lawns, careers,



investments or selves. That isn't a popular belief, I know, not nearly as popular as trucks. I don't care. And I also have come to think that some sort of truck has become essential for anybody who wants to get outdoors, since it seems that the outdoors, the uncluttered outdoors, is receding steadily.

But it's got to be the right kind of truck. So here are some observations on trucks for outdoorsing.

First, don't buy, rent or borrow one of those watered mobile homes—not if you're entranced about getting into the woods. These monsters have a terrible gas-drinking problem and will soon join the disbeliever on the extinct list. You also don't need three tons of TV set, gas range, refrigerator, sofa, dinette, eight-track stereo, wet bar and fuzzy dice hanging from a rearview mirror to turn game and fish. Any self-respecting wilderness creature wouldn't go near anything issuing from such a machine, even if a Winnebago was originally a woodland dweller.

Actually, my preferred vehicle for serious outdoors folk is a 1941 wood-nutted Chrysler station wagon

with a mattress and a wood-burning stove in back. I know an itinerant trader who had one. The stack piled three feet above the roof and extended, without pollution, the aroma of bacon, eggs and coffee. There is no more woody smell in creation. But these truckish cars are rare. The next best thing is any kind of good truck. It can even be the flimsy, trendy load you see parked in K Mart lots, all wood and with no dog trucks on the vinyl seats. Even short beds and flared fenders are okay so long as you can get a decent-sized animal or a score of fish in the back. One radio aerial is okay—CB if you like to chatter, although parents maintain it should be just an old AM stick, with the attached receiver tuned to the best country-and-western station broadcasting from a one-gas-pump town of no more than two thousand authentic rednecks.

Disputes on pickups, like coat tails flapping from tailcoats, are endless, and can be less of offending trucks. A spotlight is acceptable, especially for moon hunters. The best color for a paint job is green—all-weather, jet-black, colorless. For visibility, and in reasonable, provided it's the fire-engine variety and not something Bill Blass whipped up. Stripes below on skilled personnel, not on pickup trucks. Mud on the tires is fine if it's recently come by, as in the forest or in the parking lot of any home life fighting and dancing dogs.

A wire dog cage is also marvelous, preferably occupied by a black and tan, redneck, foxhound, pointer or some other guaranteed breed, and not by some jauntyish foreign sennel or half-breed pointing dog that thinks a day's hunt is two hours. Incidentally, it is my observation that among pickup fanciers, upland game-bird and waterfowl hunters run to Chevys, while moon hunters like Fords. Interestingly, chiefly the bastard station wagon called a Traveler, are frequently driven by insurance agents, environmentalists, businessmen and other sorts who want to ban guns and save the small deer. Well, I'll take some of that back. A little rancher I know and like has a dual-cab, extra-long, shaggy in black and gray, the best of size, and he's a Chevrolet on page 55.

Drawing by Jerry Zimmerman

player say were "Yes, sir." It was my big month that got my number 88. I was excited when I joined the Dodgers, a home boy, and I couldn't be farmed out, and Jackie Robinson didn't think much of home before and insisted I be given a hat boy's number, and I said to him, "Listen, fella, the day you can hit as good as number ninety is the day you start passing holy water." I shouldn't have said it, but of course I was right, and the number 88 has become as much of a trademark as Red Grange's 77.

It hasn't been a bad life, but the pulled hamstring has become chronic and I've got a novel coming out in October, and I might come back next spring; it's time to start the rest of my life. I've given my farewell address a lot of thought, and that is what I'm going to say on my day, that best time stand against Hebron.

... And now it is time to say good-bye.

(The fifty-five thousand people in Dodger Stadium will cry to me, "NO!")

... It is not an ordinary spectacle to see a grown man cry, but bear with me.

("NOOO, NOOOO...")

... I have worn this uniform for twenty years. I am a Dodger. I always will be a Dodger.

(Randy Kousser and all my teammates of the past thirty-five years will be weeping along the third-base foul line.)

... Thank you for these twenty years, thank each and every one of you... thank you... thank you... and good-bye. ■

Money

(Continued from page 12) speculation in sugar?

I decided that all things considered, the surest and clearest thing for me to do would be to go into sugar as Merrill Lynch suggested, but to go steep instead of long. (Going short is a commodity, or anything else, it means selling it rather than buying it, in the hope that it will go down rather than up. Eventually you have to buy it back to "cover" your short and close out your position, but if it has gone down in the meantime, you get to keep the difference between what you sold it for and what you had to pay to buy it back. Never, during any of this, need you to say, "You actually lost any money." If it rises, in other words, what to bet that Merrill Lynch, although reasonably well-informed, was wrong. To bet against the crowd. Contrary investing. Very clever. However, to give

myself a little room, I decided to wait until sugar had gone up a little, say to forty or so ten cents, before I made my move. I figured that as the boss of Merrill Lynch's worldwide marketing effort alone, the price should go up that much.

I would let Merrill Lynch take its position. Then I would take mine. Two nights later, all having been quiet on the sugar front thus far, I was lying awake at three in the morning listening to WINS—"You give me twenty-five minutes, we'll give you the world," and five or six minutes of commercials, all nationwide, for "Grantry Park Clothes, of Brooklyn West Twenty-third Street"—when I heard one of the ads that the Food and Drug Administration had just moved to ban saccharin, the world's prime artificial sweetener. Just like that!

Just why the F.D.A. would suddenly announce this at three in the morning I did not stop to consider. I made it a habit to read a lot, and I remembered having seen absolutely nothing to suggest that such an action was in the offing. Apparently, the F.D.A. had kept its secret well and had sprung it as the world in the middle of the night. (Or so it seemed to me.)

I got out of bed and went to check the research material Merrill Lynch had by now sent. Nowhere was there any mention of the possibility of a saccharin ban. This was not one of the factors the market was considering. Merrill Lynch, these lucky bastards, had just been in the right place at the right time. It was as if they had accidentally recommended domesticated stocks the day before the Arab oil embargo.

I tried to go back to sleep but was kept awake by the question of what would have happened had I instead gotten around to shorting sugar?/Wow—there would have been the end of my much-ballyhooed \$16,668 commitment. ON MY SUGAR (YES, CRIMINAL) some smart-aleck financial outfit would headline somewhere, and I would feel like crawling into a safe-deposit box and shutting the door behind me. Because with commodities, getting up \$2,000 doesn't mean that all you can lose is \$2,000. Harsh. When a commodity is really moving, one way or another, it can go up or down "half" the minute it opens for trading—and not trade for the rest of the day. Sometimes you can't get out of your position for days. You have only put up a couple of thousand dollars margin, or three or four, but you have bought, or sold, 112,000 pounds of sugar for 36,000 pounds of pork bellies or 23,546 dozen eggs or 100,000 board feet of

timber), worth maybe ten times what you've put up. All sugar would have to do is close up about a few more cents, with me short and losing \$1,120 a day.

I fell asleep around five, slightly relieved that I had not tried to back the wisdom of Merrill Lynch after all. And I awoke at the bell (if they have a bell) ring on the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange. I called my broker. Not the man from Merrill Lynch, but the man I have come to know and trust through thick and thin. (Mindy this? Ha, yes, is forever specializing in commodities and getting me on to do likewise. I thought that perhaps now, on the off chance sugar hadn't already closed up that I could still get in on the inevitable Saccharin-Hot Sugar Boom of '77, I might just take a flyer with him in sugar. In the long run, of course. All theories of being sane had now given way to a single burning emotional ideal: making a killing.)

Oddly, sugar was up all right, from 8.56 cents a pound to 8.58 cents, but by no means up first in full penny! Yet there was the saccharin news headlined in the morning paper. My broker plunked down \$2,000 of his own money to buy a sugar contract at 9.25; I, however, I should have pulled the trigger, I guess, but I just couldn't.

Wonder of wonders, by the end of the day sugar closed at 8.56, and my broker was out \$92.48 on paper, plus commissions.

How could this be? Had the market known about the impending saccharin ban after all, and had this been discounted? Or did it not make much difference because saccharin users would not in most cases be switching to sugar?

Saccharin, it seems, does not compete with sugar, but with artificial diet sweeteners. Cornstarch, if they ever banned it, is the thing that would turn a sugar into gold.

Postscript: It is now more than three months since Merrill Lynch called me, home, and wanted me to trade for a while, in most under eight. Many of Merrill Lynch's clients must have made a real little profit; others must have taken a real little loss. Merrill Lynch made money on every trade.

Investment Update

So much for the investment I did not make. On the one I have made since February 24, I am up a roaring two percent. The Dow Jones Industrial average has dropped just over three and a half percent. There are widespread predictions of a new bear

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Benson & Hedges 100's



I never saw
it happen.

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As we go to press, it looks as though the women's movement may have found a new, ex, heroine. Her name is Roxanne Ritchie (above), and no one is ever going to accuse her of being a pert co-ed. Last spring, Roxanne and her roommate, Susan Gilbert, both M.I.T. juniors, published a list in *Thursday*, a student newspaper, rating the sexual performances of—and naming—thirty-six M.I.T. men they'd slept with. Our hearts go out to the luckless wretch who woke up to this description of his bedside manner: "Lazy S.O.B.; couldn't maintain an erection except while lying on his back. I also got chronic vaginitis afterwards." M.I.T. officials groaned and made vague noises about "disciplinary action," then referred the unfortunate mess to a committee that later slapped the ladies with "formal probation." Less understanding were the members of one M.I.T. dorm who threatened to "gang-rape" the authors. Least understanding of all was Roxanne's landlord, who asked them to leave. We're going to stay out of it. But in case you're thinking this is the only news from the campuses of our fair nation, rest easy. There are other, more reassuring reports from academe that remind us of the good old days, when men may have kissed and told but never published, and ladies did the same.



For the Kid Who Has Everything

by Lou Ann Walker

Princeton

For a brief weekend, Princeton will burst into its annual spring madness as more than 1500 girls flood the campus for Homecoming, the meet of every up-and-coming prom brother.

—*The Daily Princetonian*, 1952

"Twenty-five years later, a lot of things have changed, but the mad-scientist or is it sickness? still remains. Discarded textbooks litter dorm rooms as everyone prepares for Princeton's own Dionysian festival."

—*The Daily Princetonian*, 1977

Lester Lamon's music wafts out over the lawn facing Prospect Street as couples in dinner jackets and long dresses drift between clubhouses on an early-spring evening. Inside two of the clubs—Cap and Gown, and Ivy—the couples, uniform in their handsomeness, their likeliness and their tan, glide or hustle across the dance floor. Stuffed antelope heads and supercilious portraits of club benefactors look down from dark oak-paneled walls as the future beautiful people sway to swing music and engage in witty conversation. It's

Lou Ann Walker (*Redcliffe* '78) is the assistant to the editor of *Regatta* (Columbus '87).

Frank "Buck" Mosley III, Princeton '77 (far left), and his grand Dr. Robert "Buck" Alexander look like rabid animalists left at Homecoming weekend. But Buck is taking off for *Beats* Lucas to teach biology with the Peewee Corps and Buck is studying ornithology at Yale University. Buck maintains that "no fraternity anywhere could ever match the atmosphere of a Princeton dining club."

"UNDER GOD'S..."



At Cottage Club's Great Gatsby dance, Paul Allen '77 says that the rally club "did diversity to Princeton life." Kathryn Schatz is Bankoff '77.



Lisa Dontrick (Balkin '76) and George Wood '79, at Cup and Green's party. "We're just giving really wasted this entire weekend," says Cottage participants.



Princeton's worst, the ubiquitous Tiger, welcomes participants.



Olgaus Davidson '76, Harold Pollak '77, Susan Allen (Robert Bulphie '80) and Christopher Dumas '77 screen guards at Cottage Club.

"Houseparties" weekend at Princeton, an event that comes after a last class and before the first football game each spring, a revival of Princeton tradition during which some students really do dress in white and others put on flannel in a "camp." A protracted ritual Thursday dances through Bond benches—Houseparties is celebrated at most of the eating club permitting students one last weekend of gaily after the long, grueling school year.

Raising a glass, a young man dancing partners an unknown woman, smiling. "Lovely, simply lovely," he chirps with his teeth clenched secret. The room is now in a sea of flowered Lilly Pulitzer skirts. Here are gathered the people who prefer moonlight-curtain hunting pens, who have poppets Kester and Cheate, who will occupy important places on the Star and who will, or who already do, fit the Social Register.

Nearly, in the crowded, less cup-strewn embrace of Tiger is the so-called jock club, a high square-shouldered, football-playing unit is grooming men. "Oh, Star you're too much!" one woman wails as Star goes her date. But Star is forgotten as "Tress and Trell" is called and everyone rushes up stairs for an on mouse wrestling match. Tress (over six feet) are pitted against Trells (under six feet) as the women cheer. Although, in the past, people from other clubs have reported the game to be brutal, with participants dancing each other and vomiting afterward, the head Trell calls it just a gesture of brotherhood. And, in fact, the only drunken or violent action at this party takes place when the police are called to remove two unwelcome townies who have begun shoving each other. It makes things more exciting.

At Cottage Club's elegant Gatsby party farther down Prospect Street—Princeton's club row—a froggy young woman from Atlanta, who dressed in white shifts, one piece. "I've heard it's just as much, all these parties? You know, you start partying Thursday. Your party till late, then you don't get up until one or to the next day and then you start partying

again..." She sighs, breathless. "But I just love these parties!"

At Colonial Club, women in flowing white dresses and straw hats and men in finely tailored suits play croquet on the lawn in the spring twilight as onlookers sip neat juleps on the veranda. Two people on bicycles playfully cut through for polo croquet just before the game breaks up for the second annual Prospect Stakes at Colonial. Down a five cockroach race held on an Oriental rug next to the club's Tarn-like pillars. "The croquet and mint juleps are just for fun," the club president says, "and the cockroach race is our way of sort of giving the finger to other clubs along the street."

Though sometimes lifted as such, Houseparties weekend isn't a bacchanalian riot (the rumor that Jane Fonda swung naked from a chandelier during an early-States Houseparties weekend has never been confirmed). The innocence of youth, beauty and wealth permeates the gatherings; the self-consciously assured are everywhere. Too much is at stake here to let go completely—there isn't even very much drinking; only a lot of pleasant inclination to make these parties melt into memorable evenings.

"You're not going to say this is F. Scott Fitzgerald's old club, are you?" one man in a black tuxedo complains. "The Tiger always says that."

"You do know that this is F. Scott Fitzgerald's old club, don't you?" an athletic, Swedish-looking blond in a white dinner jacket asks politely. "He did only a little bit of The Great Gatsby here, but he wrote a huge chunk of The Side of Paradise while he was at Princeton. Let me take you upstairs to the library to show you some pictures of him and a few of his things..."

It is easy to see why people are continually comparing the world of Princeton to that of Jay Gatsby and Daisy Buchanan, why they call it the northernmost Southern school. There are rolling hills, an adjacent eighteen-hole golf course, meads as the lake, endless tennis courts

...POWER...



John Paul '77 and Joe Katske '77 at Colonial Club's party. John plans to be a neurologist consultant.



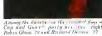
Steve Case '81 and Charles Horne '78 on the stairs at Cottage Club. Case is the auto-team captain.



Kathleen Hays '80, dancing at Tiger Inn, is worried about what club she should join.



William H. Horne '78, president of the senior class, hosts Linda Horowitz (Mary Balkin '77) at the Great Gatsby party.



Among the guests on the rooftop bar at Cup and Green's party are (top right) Robin Glueck '76 and Richard Brown '77.

...WE...



Adapting the Southern manner, students play a game of croquet on the lawn and try mist jolts in the tennis during Housparties at Calverton.



Madison Bell '79, Big Brother 20 and Javon Hudson '79, a Princeton University student, play pool at Terrace.

Students and their endowments at Calverton. Numbers posted on the number backs stand their time.



Jay Langdon '77 and Mary Beth Hoover (Bowie College '77) playing basketball during Calverton party.

and a deft blend of architectural styles. Statues by Picasso, Lichtenstein, Calder and Newton are scattered over the grounds, and its gardens are as breathtakingly beautiful and as well cared for as any in France. Works of art, Oriental rugs and antique furniture clutter administrative buildings. This is a clean place, one of health and wealth and comfort happens. But even though students are as shoddily rich on occasion (as confident enough to wear clasher plaid trousers and combs with their dinner jackets or Levi's jeans with their black d-collared gowns), they don't fit the image of the meridian flappers' lounge boards of the Twenties. Students sculpt on the lawn, novel and poetry are written, nation magazines are begun, and one student (these are the Seventies) has designed his own atomic bomb.

No, this isn't just a Fitzgeraldian vision, although his shadow still lingers about in places. There have been too many changes. A Twenties one of the anti-established meet clubs, there is a relaxed atmosphere. Sitting on the floor in blue jeans and work shirts, students listen to jazz during House parties weekend. Paintsick, avoiding all that is proper, they are the rubens, the freemans, the socialists, the intellectuals and the idealists of the campus, and they live a totally separate life, aware of the long peaceful coexistence. For them, this is a relaxing weekend not given time (Twenties is a non-selective club that accepts any student who wishes to join. At the selective clubs, students must vie for membership).

Clubs once defined by the anti-laborious Sixties are now reopening, but on different terms. Only three clubs survive as all male and selective, at one time they all were. Most have gone co-ed or non-selective, and the selective clubs take numerous ballots to determine whether or not to change. Students are playing down their former elitist image, much to the dismay of alumni loyal to the eating-club system. There is tension and uncertainty among those who personally "old-boy Princeton." During the Twenties, there was a joke about

of the fact that one of the most elite clubs, Ivy, took only eight members and just-even Christ took twelve, the joke goes—and in the retelling, one realizes that it couldn't happen now.

In a 1953 *Esquire*, Ross Lardner Jr. said of Princeton: "College is, and should be, a primarily social institution." The eating club, center of campus social life for most, seems to support that position, but when alumni return, they are shocked by changes in the student body. During this year's Housparties, student activists demonstrated against R. Manning Brown, Princeton trustee and J.P. Stevens director, whose textile company committed numerous labor-law violations. Even members of the most elite clubs are going to Africa with the Peace Corps; Ralph Nader is a Princetonian. So there is a paradox: (On the one hand, Princeton undergraduates and alumni are among the most loyal anywhere (throwing on occasional hushes), but on the other, almost all undergraduates feel uneasy being out as Princeton types. Even in the Thirties, Lardner pointed out the fact that "Princeton undergraduates [had] been called shivers and smoothies." But a 1977 Princeton student realistically observes that "the image won't change until they leave the place."

Princeton is just the site of being a paradise. In this seemingly idyllic world, there is intense striving and struggling. Worries about jobs and images and the forbidding reality outside college all add to the reinforcement of self-consciousness, overhauling an already full academic life.

Yet the penetrating loneliness of Princeton remains: soft voices and laughter, dancing on the lawn by the gasbois, expensive clothes, sweet perfumes, strands of pearls, white tea and falls on moonlit nights in spring.

"To this the American dream?" someone asks.

In the midst of the party, a young woman stops to consider the question, then answers: "No, it's only the beginnings." ■

"Free translation of Princeton motto: 'Dei est inesse viget.'"

...FLOURISH.*



Lily Ikemoto '79, Madison House '79, Ivy and Rick D. McManis '79, who have been party at Ivy Club. Harris, who will attend Georgetown '79, says "It's always an intense week of. They work so hard to get all the little things in a building to play pretty hard at Housparties."

Nothing Happened

by Frederick Iseman

Going to college in the early Seventies was like coming to town a day after the circus leaves



The sweet man, depicted in Mr. Natanson's glee, is a drawing of him, in a cage, rather than in his own skin.

My first college activity was a body hunt. I had just arrived in my freshman room and was smoking the obligatory joint with two new roommates while jockeying for upper and lower beds, for closets and shelf space. The golden windows were open on the lovely September afternoon when, shrilly and loud, the sound of a bull-horn's squawk came through there: "This is Raccoon Coffee. I need you all down here right away!" Stunned, surprised,

we dashed out to meet the celebrated chaplain and anti-war warrior to see why he wanted us. My roommate's little curvy and go-kick body, a grade-schooler's daughter had vanished several days before and we were presumed to have been murdered. And so we were off on our first college outing—meeting the girls, strolling through the parks and searching for the body of a child.

We didn't find the kid; someone else found her body, a few miles away, a few days later. But in the course of the next four years we found other children to bury the leftovers from previous classes. They weren't hard to find, hanging out in dormitories and film societies and campus bars. One would occasionally surface in the university's psychiatric institute. Others disappeared into the warm folds of their disillusionment. It was our job to clean them out, our chore to bring out their dead—we seemed to be immune to whatever had felled them.

I arrived at college at the midpoint of two generations. Current history is measured in seconds; my time in college is stratified by class and by year. The Twenties, Thirties and Forties have for us fixed, precise

Frederick Iseman (Yale '76) is the publisher of the forthcoming magazine *Horning UP!*

messages, while to speed of the 1930's, 1940's and 1940's means nothing at all. Our earliest discernible decade is the 1940's—gaslight and red velvet. Back beyond that we use periods in which one or two things happened, and then long ages—Reason, Reasonism and Dark. I went to Yale in the early Seventies, graduating with the class of '78. It was one of those ages that had not been tagged. We were neither reasonable nor reasonable nor did things seem dark. It was a

buffer, a punctuation between other ages, a breather between events, a breath-taking stretch.

Who we were wasn't important. Who we were not was. One of my assistant professors had dated Cathy Wilkerson, the Elmhurst Street Weatherman town-house bomber. An older student friend was a black-student leader who had studied with Panthers. A graduate-student friend had despised the Harvard strike's clenched fist. In my freshman class there were some who couldn't accept that the thunder had passed, the only radical in my class was the younger brother of a leader of the Harvard strike. He carried the Maoist, hangover as if it were a generation-old family mantle.

The trappings of rebellion hung loosely on us, like older siblings' clothes. We exposed hand-me-down politics and tripped on hand-me-down LSD. These older brothers and sisters had been schooled as heresies, it seemed to us—politics and drugs were the stuff of their majority. Our education was more trivial—debts for later bedtimes or longer bars or the chance to "re-pairment with pol." As our demands had grown more trivial, the schools and parents had given us. At thirteen, we had looked forward to the privileges that seventeen-year-olds enjoyed. When we were finally seventeen, the thirteen-year-olds had been granted everything we'd ever wanted.

We saw the despots of older classes crawling off to commensals or hanging about the college, unable to desert the scene of their play. They were exhausted—refugees from themselves—politically, culturally and physically bent. A conveyor belt of new drugs, each with its own ideology and method, had carried them from Tilton to Trotsky to Haba Rara Doss, while riding on it they had lost the thread of their argument. Intoxicated with small victories, frustrated by the college's unwillingness to put up a fight, they given grounds. The firing of kitchen workers became grounds for class warfare. Battles were struggles to regain momentum—they were shouting "Theater!" in a crowded fire. As witnesses to their rest we received all the lessons they taught. Our mistakes were made for us. And if in the end they were historical and we had nothing to transmit, that was all right. We were still alive and were still enjoying, while a great many of them, for all purposes, were not.

They had the long rest. School was no longer a serious pursuit—that had been firmly demonstrated. It had nowhere. One did as one liked. One fucked off. No one was watching. So long as we weren't causing trouble we were left alone, protected from academic rigor by an ungraded marking system. One either passed or failed a course, and to fail was difficult when professors were defensive about their association with institutionalized education and fearfully eager to be hip. Classes you went to were classes you liked. Diligence withered. These were the tropics, where nothing got done but where everyone seemed to be pleasant.

Looking back, it is hard to overstate the importance of drugs. There was marijuana, Methedrine, Quaaludes, scopolamine, LSD, MDA, THC, barbiturates and Dex. Every dormitory had a well-thumbed copy of the *Pharmacopeia*. Best of all, a remarkable number of students could talk at length about Koolhaas, contemporary. They were the same drugs that our fathers had taken, but we took them without the same conviction—the goal had shifted from revelation to entertainment.

The effect of some of these drugs was not unlike drinking: Quaaludes were for evenings of bawling into tables and werm, caddy sex. Speed of the garden variety, the Dexadrine, was strictly functional—something for exam time. Methedrine, the speed that killed, had the shortest fuse you could find. THC was a marijuana extract, MDA was a midrange psycho-physics, and nobody ever found out what the hell GTF was. The time was the working hallucination, it was weakly high quality, and you could take a good bit of it with no lasting effect. And was another story. Where marijuana just set you up for a good time, and tore down the wall between you and what you were looking at. People who took a great deal of it are still wandering around saying things like "I don't need to use the telephone—they can hear me." One of my older friends, a South African poet, practically lived on the

stuff. He published a volume of poetry about "hallucinoflowers" and "original apes," his eyes began to bulge, and he went back to Africa.

Drugs were for fun. On Panther some Jewish students would get together and smoke scopolamine, then go over to the dining hall and play pool with the natives. Once I smoke at four a.m. and heard a strange murmuring. I looked out my window, and there, in the moonlight, was my freshman roommate, deep in conversation with a parrot. The same freshman roommate, an ace law student, once made the mistake of recording half of the students in his entryway as a mock-court jury. The jury prepared for the trial by dumping gasoline, when a verdict was requested, the law professors who filled the auditorium heard twelve happy men pronounce the judge, a prominent D.A., guilty of bribery.

Our attitudes were captured in the work of the brilliant cartoonist who rose to cult fame in the late Sixties, Robert Crumb. Crumb's message, which we embraced, was "Why bother?"

In my freshman class, some couldn't accept that the thunder had passed; the only radical was the younger brother of a leader of the Harvard strike.

He wanted politics and truth, seeking and worshipped fidelity as a god. The principal sage and philosophical hero in his strips was a pragmatic guru named Mr. Natanson, who had grown fat clearing out the refrigerators of his

disciples. Mr. Natanson's customary instruction to a troubled soul was to go out and get laid. His clients were the burnt-out Nelson of the Sixties, with names like Bohman the Human (who went out to find God, "and believe me, he took along a lunch") and Flakes. Frank Crumb articulated what we already knew—that much of the counterculture was sham and that the smart ones, the Mr. Natansons, lay low, taking nothing seriously and skimming lightly over the waves that swamped the less cynical.

It was at this time, spring of 1971, that I first noticed unannounced announcements of homosexual dances and meetings on campus. Homosexuality was an invention of my parents, but the treatment of it as something quite ordinary was. Despite all the experimentation, sex was one thing the classes before us didn't mess with. Insurance was men's work. One of the reasons for the later change was confusion. During this period a great many colleges went co-ed off-hand, just in the East, I can count Dartmouth, Princeton, the University of Texas and Yale. Before coeducation hit most colleges, overt homosexuality was unacceptable. It stunk, and there were individuals—particularly in the arts and humanities faculties—known for their speech preferences. But they were objects of ridicule, of snide derision, and to be seen in their company was to suffer a stigma.

The advent of women changed all that. Their presence on campus made men less preoccupied with demonstrating masculinity to one another. And a great many women liked homosexual men. Which is not to say that the moment one's took up residence, there was a mad stampede out of the closet. It happened slowly. Before the (Continued on page 126)

Academic Gore

by Nora Ephron

Cowboy John Silber rode up from Texas to straighten things out at Boston University. He had a reputation as a fast man with an insult. The faculty decided to fight back. Pretty soon, hot resolutions filled the air. God, it was ugly.

B.U. That's the name of the place: Boston University, but everyone calls it B.U. It's a terrible name, really. Sounds as if it hasn't had a bath in years. Looks like it, too. B.U. is a cigar-shaped campus that has along the trolley tracks on Commonwealth Avenue. When John Silber came up in 1970 to be interviewed for the presidency of the university, he thought it was the ugliest damned place he'd ever seen. A bunch of high grey stone slabs and low Quonset hut-like lamps and a few little ivy-covered nooks. Directly across the Charles River in Cambridge—is the right is the M.I.T. dome, and way to the left are the gold roofs of Harvard. Which is part of the problem. Everyone says that if B.U. were in Indiana, it would be a first-rate place. But it's not. It's not in Indiana, and it's not first-rate. It sits in the shadow of two great universities. "We spend an awful lot of time worrying about how we stand next to M.I.T. and Harvard," says one B.U. faculty member. "To make matters worse, a lot of the faculty here are women who are married to the stars at M.I.T. and Harvard. It's true even of the gay couples. You go to their homes for dinner, and the son-in-law teaches at B.U. and the one-in-laws teaches at Harvard." A slight exaggeration. Still, you get the idea. Some of the people at B.U. will insist that the students there are every bit as good as the ones across the river. They're lying. Some of the people at B.U. will also tell you that the faculty there is every bit as good as the faculties across the river. That's not true, either. Anyway, this is a story about B.U. It is also a story about its president, John R. Silber, who came there in 1971 waving to make the place excellent. He did not succeed in making it excellent, but he did succeed in making it famous. Thanks to John Silber, B.U. is now famous for having gone through the roughest university crisis in recent years. And the worst part of it is that it wasn't even a first-rate crisis. It was mainly just a mess.

Everyone who worked on the presidential search committee at B.U. knew that John Silber would turn out to be trouble—but trouble, they thought, was exactly what the place needed. Just what the committee had in mind is the way of trouble is not clear. Frisky little debates over excellence, perhaps. Tough-talking syllab-to-syllab confrontations over Teaching Load in an

Are of Cathacks, perhaps. In any case, on one of the committees could possibly have anticipated the trouble they got. Four hundred directors in seven years. The resignations or frings of two deans and three vice-presidents. The unconsolidation of the faculty. A lawsuit in which half the journalism school was suing the other half of the journalism school. A crisis in which the president of the university was accused of stealing the students and building a tennis court with university funds. All this cannot be what Nancy Farnes, a student on the search committee, intended back in 1970, when she said: "Dr. Silber will pack us up and throw us, and I'm afraid we need to be picked up and thrown."

Miss Farnes made her remark to Edward Kern, a reporter from *Life* magazine who spent months with the committee and documented its travails in an article that appeared in mid-1971. The search was a heady experience. Not that it went well: many of the candidates the committee came up with weren't even interested enough to be interviewed for the job. And one of those who did consent to be interviewed, John Knowles, then director of Massachusetts General Hospital, was finally offered the job in an elaborate and soaring ceremony, after which a month passed before he called back to turn it down. Still, it was heady: the committee was an elected group of faculty, along with students, trustees and alumni, and for the faculty and students, it was the first real participation they had ever been given in the future of the university; more than that, it was the first time most of them had ever had eyes on an actual trustee, much less a reporter from *Life*.

In the summer of 1970, while the search committee was shuffling along and being reported by one candidate after another, a wonderful thing happened, or so it seemed at the time. John Silber was fired. Silber, then forty-three, was a politically ambitious dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Texas, where he had become engaged in a power struggle with the chairman of the Board of Regents, Frank Erwin. Erwin was brilliant and ruthless, a big, hard-drinking Texas conservative who drove an orange and white Cadillac—the U.T. colors—and wore a bright orange blazer to trustee meetings. In July, with the

John R. Silber, president of Boston University, in his office.

Photograph by Ronald/Arty & Bevil



Nora Ephron is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.

support of the board, he stripped Silber of his dean-ship. The story made the papers: Brown, the yahoo decriber, versus Silber, the glorious liberal! This was a distortion, so it happened Silber indeed had liberal credentials: he had been chairman of the Texas Society To Abolish Capital Punishment and had been a staunch internationalist. But he had also supported the Vietnam War, opposed armed demonstrators, and played a major role in the firing of a young radical instructor. Still, with Brown as the villain, Silber because the hero Brown undoubtedly knew this was bound to happen, when he fired Silber, he said: "You're going to be a famous man."

Silber was already locally famous. A native of San Antonio, he had earned a Ph.D. at Yale and returned

"If someone raised questions of decency," said a Silber opponent, "he talked about his warts. I'm doing great things," he would say. "If you're afraid of warts, you've got no balls."

to Texas in 1955 to teach philosophy. He is a slight, handsome man with a shock of sandy hair. He is also handsome—he was born with an enormous heart, and his right arm ends just below the elbow, in a large knob and a small knuckle that functions as a thumb. His short cuffs and neat jackets are tailored to expose the stump, which he uses with dexterity. "I didn't know I had one arm until I was about four years old," Silber told me, "and it didn't have any operational significance in my life beyond a serious frustration I had in shooting a bow and arrow. I'd sit there leaving the hole off my right side by pulling those arrows and shooting from the hip instead of holding it up near the eye. I didn't know why I wasn't accurate, and I didn't know why it hurt so much, and I knew I didn't like it, and I thought it was a dumb tip. I didn't know why it didn't work until much later. I didn't realize how asymmetrical I was." When Silber went off to grammar school, he was nicknamed One-Armed Pete. "I just sort of fought continuously from that time until I was in about the fifth grade," he said.

Everyone who knows Silber now hesitates to speculate about how his handicap affected his character—not because they don't understand it but because it seems almost too simple: in some sense, John Silber never stopped fighting on the playground. At Texas, many of his students believed he was the most gifted professor on campus—and many others believed he was the most sadistic. Most believed he was the most gifted and sadistic. Silber calls his style of teaching Socratic, and to some extent it was, he used the traditional Socratic method of asking question after question to push his students toward the point. But his manner in the classroom was somewhat less traditional.

"He was the best college professor I had," said Suzanne O'Malley, who is now an editor at this magazine, "but he petrified me. He was so cruel that we literally quaked in our shoes. People cried in class. One of his favorite pastimes was to ask a student to spell a word, define it and break it down into syllables. Often, rather than simply having the student stand by his seat and be embarrassed, he would call him to the blackboard in front of a hundred and fifty people. The

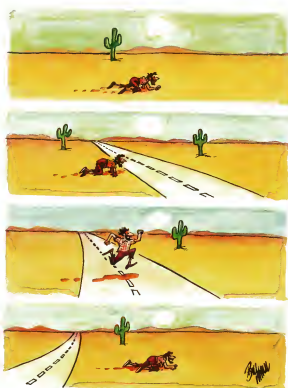
student would inevitably give an incorrect answer, and Silber would make him stay at the board writing while other unfortunate students attempted to complete the word correctly. Before a student could get the first three letters out, Silber would shout, 'Any idiot could do better than this!' We hated him for it—this was philosophy, not spelling—and it had no purpose except to make us frightened of him."

Pete Morris, a writer and editor who was married to Wilke Morris, the writer and former editor of *Warper's magazine*, also took Silber's course. "He handed back the very first paper we wrote, and he read mine aloud in class and tore it to pieces. He said, 'This is an A student doing F work.' I was determined that the man was not going to beat me. The battle was joined, and I won it in that I learned to play his game well. But I don't remember a thing about philosophy. In one sense he's a lousy teacher. In the sense of Socratic method—he's a master. He's summarily articulate. But that method isn't something

through which people find themselves or find ideas that have to come out. It's programmed. He knows the answer. It's an intellectually respectable way of knowing people. I didn't realize this at the time—it was only later that I began to get suspicious."

The first thing that shocked me, and has come to be an emblem of one side of John, happened when Wilke and I had gone back to Texas and were having dinner at John's house. My brother was a student at Texas and had met some freshman girls who had been interviewed by John to be in the liberal arts program. My brother told these girls that John was a friend of mine, and they replied that he was supposed to be a brilliant teacher and a brilliant man, but they couldn't imagine he was anyone's friend. I told John this story, and I said, "John, what questions have you been asking those girls?" John had this face that used to be a pouty, and an enormous smile that Wilke used to call his shut-eating grin, and he turned on this big shut-eating grin and started to tell on the questions he was asking. A stunned silence came over the room. When he finished, I said, "John, I could sort of answer some of those questions now, but I never could have when I was seventeen. What do they do when you ask them those questions?" This big grin came back onto his face. "They cry," he said.

Boston University began in 1963 as a Methodist institution, with ministers as presidents, and until the 1960's, signs in the student lounge prohibited smoking and cranberry juice was served at the dances. In the Methodist tradition of leaving people for social service, BU turned out thousands of ministers, teachers and social workers. Though it was a private institution, tuition was low, and BU, in effect served as the primary state university for the New England area. It had no lefty scholarly ambitions, but it fulfilled a worthwhile function. (Continued on page 129.)



Great Bright Hopes

Proof that at least 600,000 of America's 7,000,000 undergraduates are doing their homework

History: Professor Richard Hann of Columbia University chose similar Mary T. Jacella, twenty, of Baruch College, because "she left the determination, maturity and intellectual engagement to go for in her chosen field." **Hometown:** Brooklyn, New York. **Outside activities:** Art, painting, theater. **Recent papers:** "The Treatment of the Indians in American Constitutional History," "A Historical Study of American Women and Their Property Rights," "The Battle of Marston, Houghs on the Bannock Campaign." **Ten years from now:** "I would like to keep legal historian. I want to go to law school, get my Ph.D. in history and possibly become a university professor."



P.E.R.L. (Public, Economic, Rhetoric and Law) Professor: Wayne C. Booth of the University of Chicago chose George David D. Shiple Jr., twenty, because "he is very good at seeing the relevance of the seemingly irrelevant. He never asks, 'Will this be on the exam?' Hometown: Jefferson City, Missouri. **College instructor:** Tom Kovacs (Korean name), vice president of the University of Chicago. **Organization of Black Students:** Recent papers: "The Negroes Not Tobit," a study of the Federal convention of 1787, "The King and I: A Search for the Character of Jesse Jackson." **Ten years from now:** "I'll probably be in government, at either the state or national level. I'll be thirty then. That'll be about the time, I guess."



The signs are not good. The averages for national college-board scores have hit their lowest levels ever—431 verbal, 472 math, down thirty to forty points since 1963—and scarcely a week goes by without a story of student illiteracy on yet another campus: last year, 46.1 percent of Michigan State's freshman class were doing high-school-level work in math and English; half of the freshmen at the University of Missouri failed the state's college English test; more than a third of the journalism students at the University of Wisconsin... you get the picture.

Despite such news, there is hope. We asked a gathering of the nation's most distinguished educators to select their top undergraduate students. Several professors reported, gratefully, that no one in their course even approached excellence. A few considered the question fardoul and said so. The remainder chose these kids.

We're not about to claim that these are the seven most brilliant scholars in America. There are others we could just as easily have singled out. And if you feel that you've been unfairly omitted, your ego is obviously already too large for your own good.

Biology: Dr. John H. Thomas of Stanford University chose junior Jean M. Gellera, twenty-one, because "she enjoys her work deeply; involved in independent projects; and she is a friend." **Hometown:** Kenilworth, California. **Outside activities:** Student affairs and politics; member of the Stanford Chorus. **Ten years from now:** "I'll be doing something in population biology—maybe teaching, maybe research—probably for the government."



Great Bright Hopes

Applied Physics: Dr. Hans Liepmann of the California Institute of Technology chose senior Michael J. Aziz, twenty-one, because "he has a very inquisitive mind, and he starts on thinking things through in his own terms."

Hometown: West Bayleton, Massachusetts
Outside activities: Volleyball, president of Baddeck House.

Ten years from now: "I'd like to be doing research or possibly be teaching at a university. Of course, there often are no permanent job openings—it may end up as a corporate executive doing plenty of unglorified research."



Mathematics: Professor David Wright of Washington University in St. Louis chose junior Philip L. Harrington, twenty, because "he's on a level of mathematical maturity that none of our graduate students can match. He finished in the top six nationwide in this year's Putnam contest."

Hometown: Bethesda, New York
Outside activities: Music, languages
Ten years from now: "Probably ten years from now I'll be a math professor."



Music: Professor Vincent Persichetti at the Juillard School chose junior Edward Baran, nineteen, because "he's one of the very few undergraduates to have a composition of his performed in public. The New York Times called him extraordinarily talented."

Hometown: Gettysburg, Pennsylvania
Outside activities: Scribe diving, sailing, skiing.
Recent work: Home Again, Home Again, performed by a six-piece ensemble and reviewed by The Times.
Ten years from now: "I would hope to be just writing music, although I might be teaching if I need extra money."



English: Professor Richard Hugo of the University of Montana chose junior John Macy, twenty three, because "he has the special talent of finding where experience the possibilities for words, and with words the certainty of experience."

Hometown: Hibbing, Minnesota
Outside activities: Hiking, canoeing, wood carving.
Recent poems: Finding Golden Bear, The Measured Norwegian
Ten years from now: "I hope to be experiencing the world, traveling and writing poetry."



The Last Secrets of Skull and Bones

by Ron Rosenbaum

An elegy for mumbo jumbo

Take a look at that talking sepulcher over there. Skull wonder they call it a tomb. It's the eldorado of Skull and Bones, the most powerful of all secret societies in the strange Yale secret-society system. For nearly a century and a half, Skull and Bones has been the most influential secret society in the nation, and now it is one of the last.

In an age in which it seems that all that could possibly be concealed about anything and anybody has been revealed, these black limestone walls could be holding the last secrets left in America.

You could ask Averil Harriman whether there's really a manuscript in the basement and whether he and young Henry Stimson and young Henry Lane lay down naked in that coffin and spilled the secrets of

fourteen fellow Roosevelts. You could ask Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart if there came a time in the year 1967 when he dressed up in a skeleton suit and howled wildly at an affair in a red-velvet room inside the tomb. You could ask McGeorge Bundy if he writhed naked in a mud pile as part of his initiation and how it compared with a later quagmire into which he so eagerly plunged. You could ask Bill Buckley, both of whom went into the CIA, after leaving Bones—of George Bush, who runs the CIA—whether their

Skull and Bones experience was useful training for the clandestine trade. ("Spook," the Yale slang word for secret-society member, is, of course, Agency slang for spy.) You could ask J. Richardson Dilworth, the New Yorker who now manages the Rockefeller fortune, just how wealthy the Bones society is and whether it's true that such new initiates gets a no-strings gift of fifteen thousand dollars cash and guaranteed financial security for life.

Ron Rosenbaum (Yale '68) is a contributing editor of *Esquire*. He is at work on a novel based on some of the secrets he discovered researching this story.

The facade of the Skull and Bones tomb at Yale

You could ask . . . but I think you get the idea. The leading lights of the Eastern establishment—in old-line investment banks (Brown Brothers Harriman says Bones's tax bill, in blacked-out law firm (Ropes, Taft & Bartlett, for one), and particularly in the highest councils of the foreign-policy establishment—the people who have shaped America's national character since it ceased being an underdeveloped power, had their undergraduate character shaped in that crypt over there. Houseman Henry Stimson, Secretary of War under F.D.R., a man at the heart of the heart of the American ruling class, called his experience in the tomb the most profound one in his entire education.

But none of them will tell you a thing about it. They've sworn an oath never to reveal what goes on

inside and they've legend-ary for the lengths to which they'll go to avoid prying interrogation. The mere mention of the words "skull and bones" in the presence of a true-blue New Yorker, such as Rockefeller Oakes, the fictional hero of Bill Buckley's spy thriller, *Savage the Queen*, will cause him to "dutifully leave the room, as tradition prescribed."

I can trace my personal fascination with the mysterious goings-on in the sepulcher across the street to a spooky scene I witnessed on its shadowy steps late one April night almost years ago. I was then a

sophomore at Yale, living in Jonathan Edwards, the residential college (arguably Yale name for dorm) built next to the Bones tomb. It was part of Jonathan Edwards' folklore that on the April evening following "big night" at Bones, if one could climb to the tower of Weir Hall, the odd castle that overlooks the Bones courtyard, one could hear strange cries and moans coming from the bowels of the tomb as the fifteen newly "bumped" members were put through what amounted to a horrendous ordeal. Returning alone to my room late at night, I would always cross the street rather than walk the sidewalk that passed right in front of Bones. Even at that safe distance, something about it made my skin crawl.

But that night in April I wasn't alone; a classmate



Eighteen-foot gold door, as made by Tiffany & Co.

and I were coming back from an all-night dance at about two in the morning. At the time, I know little about the mysteries of Bones or any of the huge windows secret-society rituals that dominated with dark authority certain key corners of the campus. They were nothing like conventional fraternities. No one lived in the towers. Instead, every Thursday and Sunday night, the best and the brightest on campus, the fifteen seniors in Skull and Bones and in Scroll and Key, Book and Beaker, Wolf's Head, Bernalia, in all the secret secret societies, disappeared into their respective towers and spent hours doing something—something they were sworn to secrecy about. And Bones, it was said, was the most ritualistic and secretive of all. Even the very door to the Bones tower, that huge triple-poled door from, was never permitted to open in the presence of an outsider.

All this was floating through my imagination's supernova mind that night as my friend Mike and I approached the stone pillars guarding the entrance to Bones. Suddenly we froze at the sight of a strange thing lying on the steps. There in the glow of the doorway on the top step was a long white object that looked like the thighbone of a large mammal. It remained frozen. Mike was more venturesome: he walked right up the steps and picked up the bone. I wanted to get out of there fast; I was certain we were being watched from a corner window. Mike couldn't decide what to do with the bone. He went up to the door and began examining the array of pebbles. Suddenly a bolt shot. The massive door began to swing open and something crashed out at him from within.

He groined, terrified, and jumped back, not before something slatched the bone, yanked it out of his hand and back into the darkness within. The door slammed shut with a clunk that rang in our ears as we ran away.

Recollected in tranquillity, that dreamlike gesture moment seems to me an emblem of the strangeness I felt at being at Yale, at being given a brief glimpse of the mysterious workings of the inner temples of privilege but feeling emphatically shut out of the secret ceremonies within. It always felt irrelevant to the real purpose of the initiation, which was from its necessary beginnings devoted to converting the idle property of the ruling class into morally serious leaders of the establishment. It is frequently in the hands that the conversions take place.

November, 1976: Security Measures

It's night and we're back in front of the tower. Mike and I, reinforced by nine years in the outside world, two skeptical young friends and a big dinner at Mary's. And yet once again there is an old, chilling encounter. We're re-creating that first spooky moment I'm standing in front of the stone pillars and Mike has walked up to stand against the door so we can estimate its height by his. Then we notice we're being

watched. A small red foreign car has pulled up on the sidewalk a few yards away from us. The driver has been sitting with the engine running and has been watching us for some time. Now he gets out. He's a tall, athletic-looking guy, fairly young. He shuts the car door behind him and stands leaning against it, continuing to observe us. We try to act oblivious, continuing to stretch and measure.

The guy finally walks over to us. "You seen Miles?" he asks.

We look at each other. Could he think we're actually Bones alumni, or is he testing us? Could "You seen Miles?" be some sort of password?

"No," we reply. "Haven't seen Miles."

He nods and remains there. We decide we're done enough stretching and measuring and stroll off. "Look!" one of the women says as she turns and points back. "He just ran down the side steps to check the basement-door lock!" He probably thought he caught us planning a break-in!

I found the episode intriguing. What it did to me was that Bones still seemed about the security of its secrets. Trying to find out what goes on inside could be a challenge.

And so it was that I set out this April to see just how secure those last secrets are. It was a task I took on not out of malice or sour grapes. I was just tapped out of a secret society as I'm open to the latter charge, but I joined partly only to the exposure of a mystery lover. I'd been working on a novel, a psychological thriller of sorts that involved the rites of Bones, and I thought it wouldn't hurt to spend some time in the New Haven campus.

For a secret society as I'm open to the latter charge, but I joined partly only to the exposure of a mystery lover. I'd been working on a novel, a psychological thriller of sorts that involved the rites of Bones, and I thought it wouldn't hurt to spend some time in the New Haven campus.

week of late night and initiation right, going around and asking questions.

You could call it espionage if you were so inclined, but I tried to play the game in a gentlemanly fashion: I would not directly ask a Bonesman to violate his sacred oath of secrecy. If, however, one of them happened to have fudged on the oath to some other party and that other party were to convey the gist of the information to me, I would rule it fair game. And if any Bonesman wanted to step forward and add something, I'd be happy to listen.

What follows is an account of my search for the meaning behind the mysterious Bones rituals. Only information that might be too easily traced to its source has been left out, because certain sources expressed fear of reprisals against themselves. Yes, reprisals. One of them even insisted, with what seemed like deadly seriousness, that reprisals would be taken against me.

"What book do you have your checking account at?" This party asked me in the middle of a discussion of the Mithraic aspects of the Bones ritual.

I named the book. "Ah," said the party. "There are three Bonesmen on the board. You'll never have a line of credit again. They'll tap your phone. They'll..."

Before I could say "A line of what?" the source continued. "The alumni still care. Don't laugh. This doesn't like people tampering and prying. The power of Bones is incredible. They've got their hands on every lever of power in the country. You'll see—it's like trying to look into the Mafia. Remember, there's a secret society..."

Wednesday Night, April 14: The Dossier

Already I have in my possession a set of annotated blue plans of the interior of the tower, giving the location of the ancient sanctuaries, the room called 322. And tonight I received a dossier on Bones ritual secrets that was compiled from the archives of another secret society. It said that one abiding preoccupation of many Yale secret societies is keeping files on the secrets of other secret societies, particularly Bones.

The dossier on Bones is a particularly sophisticated one, featuring "reliability ratings" in parentheses for each chunk of information. It was obtained for me by an encouraging researcher on the condition that I keep secret the name of the secret society that supplied it. Okay. I will say, though, that it's not the secret society that is rumored to have Hitler's whereabouts in its archives. That's Skull and Key; that's real of Bones for the size of Yale—Mian Achman and Cy Vance's society—and the source of most of the rest of the *American foreign-policy establishment*.

But to return to the dossier. Let me tell you what it says about the initiation, the order of events of the ritual, and of things the secret about Bones. According to the dossier, the Bones initiation ritual of 1949 went like this: "New men placed in cages—carried into central part of building. New men changed over and 'robbers' into society. Removed from cages and given robes with symbols and law. A bone with his name in it (used into bone bag at start of ceremony meeting. Initiates placed naked into blood pit."

Thursday Evening, The File and Claw Solution to the Mystery of 322

I'm standing in the shadows across the street from the tower, ready to find the first person to come out. Tonight, on top night, the night fifteen juniors will be sworn in to Bones. Twenty-five fifteen seniors in Bones and the fifteen in each of the other societies will arrive outside the tower of the prospective targets. They'll pound loudly on the doors. When the chosen

junior opens up, a Bonesman will slam him on the shoulder and thunder: "Skull and Bones. Do you accept?"

At that point, according to my dossier, if the candidate accepts, he will be handed a message wrapped with a black ribbon sealed in black wax with the skull-and-crossbones emblem and the mystic Bones number, 322. The message appoints a time and a place for the candidate to appear on initiation night—next Tuesday—the first time the newly tapped candidate will be permitted inside the tower. Candidates are "instructed" to wear no metal to the initiation, the dossier instructs. (Bachelors taking for this visit to be as hard as possible.)

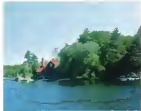
Not long before eight tonight the door to Bones swings open. Two dark-suited young men emerge. One of them carries a slim black satchel case. Obviously they're on their way to tap someone. I decide to follow them. I want to check out a story I heard that Bones initiates are taken to a crematorium somewhere near the Campus before the big initiation inside the tower. The Bonesmen head up High Street and pass the library, then make a right.

Passing the library, I can't help but read what I think of the embarrassing discovery I made in the manuscript room this afternoon. The last thing I wanted to do was reduce the subtleties of the social func-

tion of Bones to some atomized conspiracy theory. And yet I do seem to have come across definite, if skeletal, links between the origins of Bones rituals and those of the notorious American Elements. For me, an atomized but skeletal view of the conspiracy world, the introduction of the Elements, or Bernalia, into certain discussions (say, for instance, of events in Dallas in 1963) has become the same thing that the mention of Bones is to a Bonesman—a signal to leave the room. Because although the Bernalia Bernalia did have a long history, it was not a secret society. (From an anti-secret society perspective, it was a secret society.)

1734 to 1795 they were within the more mystical fraternalizing lodges of German Freemasonry; they have also had a personal fantasy existence throughout two centuries of conspiracy literature. They are the imagined masonic that manipulated such alleged plots as the French and Russian revolutions, the elixir of Zinc, the rise of Hitler and the House of Morgan. Yes, the Bilderbergers and George de Mohrenschildt, too. Still as it may sound there are suggestive links between the historical, if not mytho-conspiratorial, Elements and Bones.

First consider the account of the origins of Bones to be found in a century-old pamphlet published by an anonymous group that called itself File and Claw after



Initiation ritual in the tower of Bones. The person in the robe is a Bonesman, and the object is a bone.

the books they used to pry their way inside Borne's inner sanctum. I come upon the File and Claw between pamphlets in a box of disintegrating documents filed in the library's manuscript room under Skull and Bones's corporate name, Russell Trust Association. The foundation was named for William H. (Oster) Russell; Russell, the man who founded Borne in 1852. I was trying to figure out what mission Russell had for the secret order he founded and why he had chosen that particular death-head brand of marble plaque to embody his vision. Well, according to the File and Claw between the two pages, the club was founded in 1863 at the German university. It was properly named the Skull and Bones chapter. General Russell, its founder, was in Germany before his senior year and formed a warm friendship with a leading member of a German society. The meaning of the permanent number "222" in all Borne literature is that it was founded as '32 as the second chapter of the German society. But the Borne man has a pleasing fiction that his fraternity is a descendant of an old Greek patriot society founded by Demosthenes, who died in 322 B.C.

They go on to describe the "sacred painting" on the wall of the vault: "the vault of the named room, 222. The slogan appears above a painting of skulls surrounded by Masonic symbols, a picture and to be 'a gift of the German chapter.' " *Wey anse der Thor, we Freier, better side*

According to one source, each initiate gets a no-strings, tax-free gift of \$15,000 from the Russell Trust Association just for having been selected by Bones.

Imagine my surprise when I ran into that very slogan in a 1788 Scottish anti-Illuminist tract reprinted in 1967 by the John Birch Society. The tract (*Proofs of a Conspiracy by John Robinson*) prints six extracts from Illuminist documents, the first one confidently by the Bavarian police when the secret order was banished in 1785. Toward the end of the conspiracy of initiation into the "Rogent degree" of Illuminism, according to the tract, "A scholar is pointed out to him [the initiate], at the feet of which are laid a crown and a sword. He is asked whether that is the emblem of a king, and he answers, No; it is the emblem of a philosopher." At the meeting says to him, "The character of being a man is the only one that is of importance!" (my italics).

Doesn't that sound similar to the German saying the *File and Claw* team claims to have found inside Bonn's? Now consider a haunting photograph of the altar room of one of the Manichaean lodges at Nuremberg that is closely associated with Illuminists. Haunting because of the altar room's center, approached through an aisle of hanging human skeletons, is a coffin surmounted by —you guessed it—a skull and crossed bones that look exactly like the particular arrangement of jawbone and thighbones in the official Bonn emblem. The skull and crossbones was the official crest of another key Illuminist lodge, one right-wing Illuminist theorist has told me.

Now you can look at this three ways. One possibility is that the Birchir rights—and the conspiracy-minded left—are correct: The Eastern establishment is the domestic creation of a clandestine right-wing manufacturing history, and Skoll and Bones is one of its recruiting centers. A more plausible explanation is that the death-head symbolism was so prevalent in Germany when the impressionable young Rönfeldt studied that he just stumbled on the same morbid idea of pseudo-Masonic mummery as the Illuminati. The third possibility is that the break-in purplemists are an elaborate fraud designed by the Pike and Claw crew to pin the blame of Harmaline on Bones and that the rituals of Bones have innocent Aetherian themes. 322 being only the date of the death of Demosthenes. (In fact, some Bones literature I've seen in the archives does express the year as if 322 B.C. were the year one, making 1977 anno Demosthenis 2595.)

are still telling the carbonated Bismarck in a discreet distance as they make their way along Prospect Street and into a narrow alley, which, to my dismay, turns into a parking lot. They get into a car and drive off, obviously to tap an off-campus prospect. So much for tonight's clandestine work. I've never got it, my car in time to follow them. My heart isn't in it, anyway. I am due to head off to the intimate ceremony of Book and Snake, the secret society of Deep Throat's friend Bob Woodward (thereal Deep Throat) theories have perturbed Yale students as much as the origin of Woodward's alleged ground-garage connection, and two Roommates, Roy Price and Richard Moore, who were high Nixon aides, have been mentioned as suspects—perhaps because of their experience at clandestine underground brothelling). And later tonight I have to make the first of my contacts with persons who have been inside and out of the hands, but not the skulls of some of the Boatmen.

Later Thursday Night : Turning the Tables on the Sexual Autobiographies

In his senior year, each member of Banes goes through an intense two-part orientation experience in the Banes crypt. One Thursday night, he tells his kids story, giving what is meant to be a painfully forthright autobiography that exposes his traumas, shames and dreams. (Tom Welly calls this Banes practice a forerunner of *The Mo Decade's* fascination with self.) The following Sunday-night session is devoted exclusively to sexual histories. They don't leave out anything these days. I don't know what it was like in General Ransell's day, maybe there was less to talk about, but there's no need for fabricating copulations to fill up the allotted time. Most Sunday-night sessions start with talk of over-school masturbation and don't stop until

the intimate details of Saturday night's delights have come to light early Monday morning.

This has been to cause some disruptions in relationships. The women the Neamenian talk about in the crypt are often Yale co-eds and frequently feminists. While it might seem to be a rebuke to Bosma's spirit of consciousness raising, none of these women is too pleased at having the most intimate secrets of her relationship made the subject of an all-night symposium concerning her lover's brotherhood with fourteen males she hardly knows. As one woman put it, "I objected to fourteen guys knowing whether I was a good lay. . . . It was like after that each of these thoughts I was his woman in some way."

Some women have discovered that their lovers take her vows to Banes more solemnly than their commitments to women. There is the case of the woman who revealed something very personal—not embarrassing, just private—to her lover and made him swear never to repeat it to another human. When he came back from the Banes crypt after his Sunday-night sex session, he couldn't meet her eyes. He'd told his brother in Banes.

It seems that the whole secret-society system at Yale is in the terminal stages of a sexual crisis. By the time I arrived this April, all but three of the formerly all-male societies had gone co-ed, and two of the remain-



These plots of $\log_{10} \lambda$ as a function of $\log_{10} \lambda_{\text{max}}$ are plotted in Figure 1.

Bones Both slaves and outsiders see the essence of the Bones experience as some kind of male bonding: a Victorian, masculine, Christian-missionary view of manliness and noble service.

While changing the least of all the societies over its one hundred forty-five years, B'nai B'rith began admitting Jews in the early Fifties and tapping blacks in 1959. It offered membership to some of the most outspoken rebels of the late Sixties and, more recently, added gay and bisexual members, including the president of the militant Gay Activist Alliance, a man by the name of Miles.

But women, the Exeter alumni have strenuously insisted, are different. When a ramshorned Seventie class of Exeter proposed tapping the best and brightest

of the new Yale women, the officers of the Russell Trust Association threatened to bar that class from the tomb and change the locks if they dared. They didn't.

That sort of thing is what persuaded the person I am meeting with late tonight—and a number of other persons—to talk about what goes on inside. After all, isn't the cure of the Venice group experience the betrayal of their loved ones' secrets? Measures for measure.

Tuesday, April 20; Initiation Night—
Tales of the Tomb and Deer Island

When I return to New Haven on initiation night to stand again in the shadows across the street from Borne in the hope of glimpsing an initiate enter, it is, thanks to my sources (who insist on anonymity), with a greater sense of just what it means for the initiate to be swallowed up by the tomb for the first time.

The first artist arrives shortly before eight p.m., proceeds up the steps and halts at attention in front of the great door. I don't see him ring a bell. I don't think he has to. They are expecting him. The doors open. I can't make out who or what is inside, but the artist's reaction is unmistakable: he notes his hands.

up as if a gun has been pointed at him. He walks into the gloom and the door closes behind him.

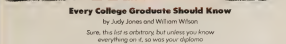
Earlier, according to my source, before the initiate was allowed to approach that door, he was led through a maze of streets somewhere on Orange Street and conducted to the basement. There two older Basmans dressed in black suits had him remove his shoes and lead him down stairs to keep secret windows he was to experience as the tank during the initiation rite and forever after.

Now I am trying to piece together what I know about what is happening to that infinite tonight, and, more generally, how his life will change now that he has been admitted inside. Tonight he will die in the world and be born again into the Order, as he will thenceforth refer to it. The Order is a world unto itself in which he will have a new name and fourteen new blood brothers, also with new names.

The "death" of the individual will be as frightful as the liberal use of human skeletons and ritual psychology can make it. Whether it's accompanied by physical beatings or wrestling or a plunge into a mud or dung pit I have not been able to verify, but I'd give a marginally higher reliability rating to the middle-pinkage. Then it's into the coffin and off on a symbolic journey through the underworld to rebirth, which takes place in room number 308. There. (Continued on page 24.)

FRITZ WAS DISAPPOINTED
THAT WHAT HE HAD SEEN
FROM THE DISTANCE WAS
NOT, IN FACT, A RIVER.
"LUCKILY I DIDN'T BOTHER
TO BRING THE CANOE,"
HE JOKED TO HIMSELF,
LAUGHING A LITTLE BIT
LOUDER THAN USUAL.

ROBERT
ORZESMAN

50 *ESOLIFE* SEPTEMBER 1998 © Greenwood & Davies

by Judy Jones and William Wilson

Books You Should Have Read After All



1 **The Canterbury Tales.** Geoffrey Chaucer You'll surely never get all sunny-side-up toms done properly. Memorize Chaucer. Poets aren't to be taken thought as original Middle English version. But if you want to read it to truly push the modern to hell, we'll never tell.

2 **Richard III.** Laurence Sterne The alternate book about Henry's look and stand what gaining whenever you try to tell someone else where you're from.

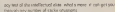
3 *Peace, Fear & Gentle*: A museum piece that re-creates a gathering of 19th-century Americans is all just about survival, isn't it? It seems to be about control, and it is designed to end life crises.

4 *Callaghan's Farewell*, Jonathan Swift. Admittedly it would be more fun if you understood the host of references, but the vocabulary will pay up all you need and there is no way to understand words like "Brahm" or "without having been there."

5 The Greeks. Aeschylus: Greek drama at its most monumental. Cost of characters just equal to Agamemnon: Clytemnestra: Cassandra: Argiveus the lady: Sophocles. Dile if and Surin: borrowed heavily from the past.

6 **The Brothers Karamazov**, Fyodor Dostoevsky: "You really have to have read some Dostoevsky and be a psychoanalyst; this one's just for the hell of it and Purgatorio!"

7 The Liberal Studies program, U.S., James Russell
The greatest gift you will give the English language
is a gift as real as conspicuous wisdom. Ability to quote
Shakespeare quoting Johnson constitutes the basic liter-



8 General Introduction to Psychoanalysis. Sigmund Freud. Of course, Freud's a cliché, but so is any text that's a cliché. Besides, this is a valuable contribution to Freud's real work.

9 UPDATES. James Joyce's *Ulysses* was not read, but if you do decide to make the punny read, check out Harry Stone's *The Bloomsday Book* as a guide that will explain what you don't understand (with help).

10 *Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens*, Wallace Stevens. The stuff of the Stevens is: how to come to grips with intelligence; how to achieve intelligence; how to live; how to get on; how to hold down a full-time job; how to be a decent person, etc.

[And you'd better remember where they come from too.]

11 I've known them all already, except their
all

Now know the evenings, mornings, afternoons
I have populated out my life w/ coffee spoons
I know the voices dying with ordering bell
Between the music from a farther room
So how should I consume?

12 Our birth is being sleep-only to get going. The usual short sleep with us, our life's story, death find elsewhere in its end time.

And saints from old
Not in some far-off land,
And not in other splendours
Surrounding clouds of glory dwell some
— from the mountains of immortality
— from the mountains

13 Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
—from *An Essay on Man*, Alexander Pope

...Miss Fawcett?

A couple of years before Fawcett's death, she sat in Zeffirelli Park, Arden Trips—she came to L.T. and played Trips. As a freshman, she was chosen one of the ten most beautiful on campus, and when David March saw her photo among the winners, he urged her to come to Hollywood. When she reluctantly did, her first movie was *The Great American Beauty Contest*, in which, not surprisingly, she played a gorgeous Texas girl competing in a national beauty pageant.

Fawcett's major success came when she left for Hollywood but, before getting her degree, had become scripter Charles Under's favorite student—a kind of her job stands in his private sculpture garden.

Charles, for a moment, having your last married in one of your professor's houses. That's the way it was for Fawcett. So go ahead. Be a little easier. All we can say is, "Bert, Charlie."



Photographs by Toshi Aoki/1984

The Professor with a Thousand Faces

by Donald Newlove

On Joseph Campbell, the y'all look good

Today is William Shakespeare's birthday. Joseph Campbell is on his, well aware that April 23 is a big day for mythmakers. Today is also Nikolov's birthday and the day of Cervantes' death. It is St. George's Day, when dragons are slain. I am on Cape Cod reading Joseph Campbell, whom you probably know as the author of *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* (1949) and the book he wrote with Henry Morton Robinson, *A Hero's Key* is "Fountain of Life" (1945). You are not aware that

I am writing this myth about The Hero and am creating a fictive event in your New Life in a dream.

You are a genius, in this story, as great doors open upon the fiery furnace where myths are made. Come in! His of hero matter in your eyes will light your innermost being with doubled might. Welcome, conqueror's apprentice! The mysteries are breathtaking.

And here comes the sorcerer, leaving a skeleton key to the world's enigmas. His right eye is a falling blossom, his left a falling ember. His way of seeing is the way of genius, of art, of the worlds are wrapped in a smile of madness. He weighs suns and shadows. He has a will of steel that works thence below. He is not and he is not. His comic vision lives in two worlds of the world at once and is beyond duality. He will wrap your heart, after a drink to the death of your renewed label and conviction as a Christian, a Jew, a socialist or Hindu, and on the dust of that shattered imagery suggest to you a Word habited words, a myth created from your single being, your own way of seeing. He will give you you—and leave your members with their threats out. He will smile over their corpses.

And lead you wonder and awe.

A vast stone floor is turning on a jeweled point.

Here Comes Everybody!

Myth, states Dr. Carl G. Jung, is the resolution of a divine life in man.

And in shapeniffer Joseph Campbell, the Atlas of modern myth mapping, myths are poetic, cosmic, social and psychological—an insight we'll open up shortly. Not first, let us witness the arrival of The Hero.

One night seventy-three years ago in New York City, Joseph Campbell's mother, Josephine, was visited by a flower-white elephant, radiant, with four brilliant

horns, which walked three about her bed, struck her right side with its trunk and placed the magnificently eager infant in her womb. She leaped up, ran outdoors, found a laurel-tree and, wrapping one leg about it, gave the laurel a quick little rap with her head and delivered. That rushing into the finite world came The Hero with a Thousand-Labeled Word, the foot-fisted myth closer Joseph Campbell, whose head was a beam of light.

And he cried, "Work above,

worlds below!" The chief in all the worlds on 12! There was a mighty son named. (Kantian scholar says Joseph Campbell's first words in the Child's Bible, Christmas are made about the Christ Child's first trumpeting.) Truly a message below.

"Symbol! Symbol!" he cried, as a child will. "I need a symbol."

Instantly, something cool and healthy entwined his ankles, his legs went numb with light and a serpent circled his legs, awakening unknown energies throughout his being. Until at last the serpent's head passed over his nose and crown and addressed as he knew, Joseph Campbell felt truly awake and sincerely girlish—was he a boy or a girl? The rky before him seemed to stream from an eye in his forehead, a kind of lucid hovering in him. Was this the City of God? The citizens slumped about as, tragically ignorant that they were walking about in the crown of Creation. He felt he was a stone bolt of lightning, an undimmed current between two worlds of ignorance and bliss.

After seven days, a symbol popped into his head. It was a staff wrapped with two serpents, snakes rising with health, a boy and a girl snake, their heads darting and playful, and as he groped his unknown (for to be sexual fit, he experienced powerful and endless well-being coursing through him. With this symbol he would spread health and healing and become a conductor of souls through the sick paths of the underworld into which they'd fallen and lead them to physical, mental and spiritual recovery in the Word of Light.

"Apprehend!" he growled, barreled as a lion with a deer to show. But alone on his lungs. Off he went to become a man, and jumped into his sink to begin his lessons.

River of Wonders

Now, here seventy-three years! Look backward, Freshman, upon his mighty peaks—and despair! Today the sorcerer/scholar and his wonders are housed in a

"After a lecture, a young woman said to me, 'We go directly today, Mr. Campbell, from infancy to wisdom.' That's really wonderful," I said. "All you've missed is life!"

division two-room apartment off Washington Square. A subcell in which he has lived for thirty-nine years of married life and produced twenty-three heroic works.

What are his wonders?

They are, in brief, like James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*, a large, free Mississippi of images showing the birth, victory, fall and resurrection of mankind. They join in a monomyth, a single star dust that shatters and re-forms forever and in the all-seeing eye of God. They are the river's light-swimmers that rise from the bottomless "universal unconscious," from which we all emerge for a fresh, raw glimpse of eternity that almost freezes us from the river that bears us. Almost. We are, instead, held back from release by the cultural bridge into which we are born. The deepest use of myth is to free ourselves from tradition—from caste, from country, from church, wheel or race. Myth breaks chains.

Does it really? Or are these just words?

Today's myth men, readers and gatherers, are misled the front of being: world hopper Joseph Campbell himself, James Joyce causing the veins of *Finnegans*, Carl G. Jung scooping up bright lights from the river of the collective unconscious, maverick poet Robert Graves off in sunny Malibu with his *White Goddess*—there are men to even in their openness to an intricate Sea within that bathes their away will with warmth and fertility. They zone upon the deeps of the spirit and bring forth images that their words make into bread and ambrosia.

They give breath. They heal.

They make light.

But there is a dark side to their work, a field where reason fades into analogy, odd similarities, weird re-creations, strange pairings. The reader must look back like a slave to find the hercule. The side don't come easily. But anyone who has come through his own Waste Land, long, history-rended despair, crackle or plain following of spirit and found himself reborn in the strong lines of a poet's words, the earned tap of the cadence, knows how to value the work put into getting well. Darkness gives brilliance to that which is found.

Are we all sick? Well, we are all here myth-bound, strapped into words that have the force of disease, as we grow to accept new readings: we convert from West to East and T.M., we trade the myth of Jimmy Carter for the myth of Marx, we sigh on the crucifix of the Artist Who Must Drink Himself to Death. Death by hunger or by method and rigidity. Death by money. After the danger, the straightjacket.

The hero subdues you. He finds the way out. Of the labyrinth, the grave, the Waste Land. These are inner states. What the hero knows is that only you can re-

lease yourself. He can give a shore or path or hold out a crest, but you see the one who must work up the boat that changes a life of droppings into a breath must golden. You change your own space.

An overview of Joseph Campbell's work shows three great peaks with a fourth rising. Today he still feels that the four years he put into *The Hero* were sublime madness, a passage of joyous creativity he has not matched since. The white-hot core of this blinding explosion is a study of how hero myths in all cultures join in a common story he calls the monomyth. The monomyth comes in many guises:

"Whether we listen with stiff attention to the dramatic mumbo jumbo of some red-eyed witch doctor of the Congo, or read with cultivated rapture thin translations from the secrets of the cryptic Lao-tse, now and again crack the hard nutshell of an argument of Aquinas, or catch suddenly the dancing meaning of a leisure Galician fairy tale, it will be always the one shape-defying yet marvelously constant story that we find, together with a challengingly persistent suggestion of more meaning to be experienced than will ever be known or told."

Despite its blustering flow of spirit, *The Hero* got the same mixed reviews that the great works of heroes always get when first brought to public judgment: "...but..." (The New York Times), "monochrome image and shadow" (Commonwealth), "...but in [his] Heronian task, but... one of the most fascinating and maddest books of the season" (The New Yorker). And fellow mythographer Robert Graves gave a glowing review. As must every hero, Joseph Campbell had gotten his early wound in the thigh by a bear. It is a memory over which he still catches his breath. "But I wouldn't rewrite a line of the book—it might all come unwinded."

Meanwhile, he was editing the lectures of his late teacher and friend Heinrich Zimmer, the philologist, which were issued as *Myths and Symbols in Indian Art and Civilization* (1946), *The King and the Corpse: Taint of the Snake's Convent of Khyol* (1958), *Philosophy of India* (1961) and the massive two-volume masterpiece *The Art of Indian Asia* (1955). Much of the working in these books is the student's. And at last! The Hero was ready to emerge from these labors with a monumental work of his own, a four-volume history of sacred myths, *The Masks of God (Primitive Mythology, 1959; Oriental Mythology, 1962; Occidental Mythology, 1964; and Creative Mythology, 1966)*, much of which is harsh, armed and destructive, the gigantic final volume is a marvelous spiritual history of Western myth since the Middle Ages, a dynamizing of syncretism, churches, race, class, spiritual, apocalyptic, special privilege and shadows of divine favor. Theology is linked to more literary exercise, faith in reason and



Photograph by J.D. Friedman

science fares no better. The Hero is out to show the face of God burning over the roared music of culture and to herald the birth within.

The third great work is *The Mythic Image* (1933). Here the merry band of God seekers together art and artifact in a spectacular show of the Campbell/ling version of the universal unconscious. The pictures are even stronger than the text. Not just to look at the pictures is not enough, for the full face bali to strike, one must read as well as look. Quickly enough the mind is whisked by depth feelings against from a scholarly look. This is not a work like Jung's *Man and His Symbols*, where the pictures comment on the text. In *The Mythic Image*, the whole thrust is in the pictures, an attempt to summon up the mind of God at play. We are down in the dark where heroes are born. Lights pop out of nothingness. All is supernaturally vivid with drifting marvels. For many it should be a work of stuporous veritability. Others can say it's all bogusness, not logical. Yet, it would drive Wengenstein to suicide. It is a great you-seeing symphony, the Theosophy's dream, a heroic theater of apocalyptic impulses.

And now forthcoming is his as yet unfinished but almost all of world mythology. "It's my last yet," he says. "And French pictures you never saw before, nothing comes from the museum. This is it. A fabulous book."

And now let us hold, as it were, the myth up to mirror.

Buffalo Bill's Wild West

Campbell, The Hero, who looks like a hero, and is tall as a hero, and has the pale blue eyes of a hero, sits in his stuffed chair and a hero's energy, a loose grace about him, quick rays and mad smile, speckled gray hair black-streaked as Achilles' beard. A hero with heroism: the strength of existence. The American has made him—an aristocrat, full of old-fashioned generosity, full of spite on honorable mad, burning and decent to his backbone. He has earned his way with a hero's enthusiasm. Not once does he drop the glowing thread of his spirit this May afternoon. He is smoking.

"We had a stable with a new and a horse out in Westchester. We'd go riding; I remember the coachman. My father, Charles W. Campbell, was in the heavy business, importing and wholesale. My career as a mythologist began almost immediately, with Buffalo Bill. We'd meet there at Madison Square Garden. He came for two or three years, then he got and the group that replaced him was called the Big Hawk. One of the Indians in the entourage was Buffalo, whose head



Joseph Campbell in Palo Alto, circa 1930. He is wearing a dark jacket and light-colored trousers, with his hands on his hips.

had just appeared as the Indian head model. He'd sit in profile to the people who filed by as they took their snapshots out of their pockets, looked, bowed their heads and went on.

"My brother was one year younger. One day my grandmother was wheeling the baby carriage with my sister in it down Riverside Drive—I guess I was five—and a lady stopped us and said, 'You're two nice little boys.' And I said, 'I have Indian blood in me.' And she looked around. My brother said, 'I have dog blood.' I didn't know Charlie was interested in dogs."

"On Sunday, Dad would ask us what we wanted to do. We'd choose from the apartment down in the library, the Bronx Zoo and the Museum of Natural History. And there—they have it to this day—in a magnificent room, with really grandiose Indian poles, was an enormous Kew-kull canoe from the northwest coast, and in it were three dummies of Indians paddling and another, in a bark canoe, standing up. So I started reading Indian stories, legends, The Kew-kull—that's *The Last of the River*, a Finnish folk epic by Elias Lönnrot. Those were days when Indians were hot from the warpath and Wounded Knee. And these wonderful books were coming out, very fresh, not contrived for children, just great in telling to boys of Indian lore, such as Lewis Henry Morgan's *League of the Hoopoe*—a book I read often."

"When I was nine we moved up to New Rochelle and our house at Fifteen Putnam Avenue was right next to a vacant lot. Workmen started digging in the lot. My brother and I helped. When the building was finished it was the New Rochelle Public Library—it was my brother's—and I was sitting on the steps when they opened the door to the children's department for the first time. All these nice little books about Indians. Within a year I'd read all the American Indian books and was admitted to the circles of the men library, where I began reading the annual reports of the Bureau of Ethnology. Well, we were Mexican Culture and I began studying great parallels between the Indian myths and my little stories about virgin births, sun-men, floods and creation."

Polymathic Yearnings

Joseph Campbell went on to Canterbury prep school at New Bedford, Connecticut, where he earned European scholarship from a German professor with an enormous library. Going on to Bowdoin, with a heroic prep behind him, he was always half-years ahead of his classmates, would cut endless classes and get A's on his finals. During one trap course, based on formulas he was supposed to have memorized but had forgotten, he

spent the first hour recalculating the formulas, the second hour passing the exam, left early and got on a B. But during his freshman summer, at his mother's country place in Pennsylvania, near Mill Hill, an older young woman asked him to read *Murdoch's The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci* to read.

"The book," he says, "simply overwhelmed me! I really didn't know a goddamned thing about Leonardo, the arts or anything like that. Meanwhile, I was totally fed up with Darwinism. So I left there and I switched to Columbia."

The Hero as Jazz Baby

"And I switched my whole interest from biology and mathematics to the history of literature, history of art, of music, and so on. Again the curves were so easy I wasn't paying much attention to them. I became interested in playing in a jazz band. I had a bunch of seven (C soprano, E-flat soprano—oh, that C melody!—also and E-flat baritone) and guitars, stables and so forth. We had a wonderful little band. Played for fraternity dances and junior proms. We'd suggest the band and get it up to twelve pieces—there's a lot of fun, playing in a real band like that."

"The band sang out," he says, "on those great Japanese melodies *For You in My Dream* and *Tell Me, Little Gipsy*. What the Future Holds for Me."

"We'd go down to the New Amsterdam to hear Paul Whiteman, art favorites. And the Quarter, what that? (Thank!) Every year a new play by George Bernard Shaw and Eugene O'Neill—the *Requiem for a Dream* Village Follies! And every week a whole new cast of music for us to play. Freshman, I'd been brought up in prohibition, never had a drink in my life. Ask a girl to go to dance, that's as far as we went, and order ginger ale and for ten dollars have a glorious evening. My God! *Amor Ohi*."

The Hero as Track Star

"Then a whole new interest came into my life. I considered plays at Columbia, you had to run around a track. I've never been able to allow anybody to beat me at anything. So I used to come in first. Lapping kids all the way, all these kids follow down—they'd fall down when they were born, for Christ's sake—I was just lapping people and getting their eyes."

"So the track coach, Carl Morran, said, 'Have you ever run?' 'No.' 'Would you like to go out for track?' You can go a faster mile than anybody we got in col-



Campbell running for Columbia in 1914 across the track in the Pennsylvania State.

lege right now! 'Sure!' I really was decided to track and to playing in the jazz band—but they didn't go together. Then the New York Athletic Club invited me to run on their team and I did. I ran my senior and senior year. I've got a lot of championship medals that would cover a bed—mostly gold."

"Well, when I graduated in 1915, I'd just been elected captain of the team for the coming year, so I went back to Columbia to graduate school in order to run for another year. Well, what could I take? Nothing very serious? I couldn't read German or French that well. Knowing only English, I read for a graduate degree in English. I chose the Romantic period and the Middle Ages. Well, when I started reading the medieval material I became so excited. There were the old myth motifs again, which I remembered from my Indian days, particularly in the Arthurian stuff."

"I'd been brought up a Roman Catholic and was having very serious problems with it. Even as a kid I'd won the most correspondences. And now this became something I was really seriously interested in."

"So, writing, reading up this medieval material and playing in the band. Playing late in the night with no getting involved with any particular female. But each year I had a girl I took out in the dances. I was going to be enjoying. And then at the end of the year I moved over to another girl, interrupting the continuity in my erotic career. The thing that disgusted me was that of you invited a girl out three times, then her mother was looking forward to you as the man-to-be. There was that 'catch-on' motif. I didn't want to get married! That was the last thing I wanted. Really."

A Life of Serendipity

"Next year I went back for a master's degree. It then was *The Indolent Knight*, a motif from Henry's *Morte d'Arthur*. They liked my thesis and gave me a traveling fellowship. I was absolutely fascinated by this material, and still enjoying. I was twenty-two, twenty-three, years old. And the fellowship just came to me, as everything else did. This is a life of serendipity."

"Meanwhile, summers, my mother had been taking as traveling. I had very good parents. We took a trip across the United States, a boat in San Francisco. Across the coast of Mexico through Panama Canal, and on to Baltimore. Meanwhile, brother Charles, Alvin (my sister) and my mother. Then she took us in Europe and that was the summer of the 1904 Olympics. A great Olympic—Pauze (Continued on page 119)



You Look Sharp!

Not you, fucking, your clothes

"We won't see 'fashisty' [sic] together" outfits on these pages. College clothes, after all, have to work within the framework of the lives of the people wearing them. Otherwise, they fail. And now, at a time when most students have struggled in college with one purpose: to pass the tests they need to secure a job or a place in a professional school—few young people are worrying a lot about dressing up in the fall's fashion statement. For the students and teachers here, functional is fashionable. Besides looking sharp, the outfits we've chosen are wearable, coordinated, put out carefully, desirable in the way they can be worn, and easy to wear.

Above: Norman Ross is studying criminal justice at Trenton State College in Ewing, New Jersey. His wool cardigan with toggle closures (John McManus for Yvonk, \$166) tops a cotton-and-polyester flannel shirt, \$65, and cotton-corduroy pants, \$77.96, both from Country Roads by Robert Stock. His casual loafers are from G. H. Baro & Co. (\$35).



Above: Donald Spots, Ph.D., is assistant administrator of the men's department at The New School for Social Research in N.Y.C., where credit and noncredit courses are offered in everything from the humanities to law, dentistry. His clothes are conservative, serious, but have a touch of flair: The wool jacket (Adolfo for Less of Paris, \$175) is shaped slightly, has rope shoulders, double vents. It's complemented by a wool-nylon tweed (Country Roads by Robert Stock, \$65) and a button-down oxford-cotton shirt (Karl's, \$24). His cotton pants are lined in chambray cloth (Bert Polster, \$69). Double-needle leather slippers (Rockport Casuals, \$24; Superba/Crescent/surf). Above right: Easy, loose-fitting cotton painter's pants (Pierone, \$49) and Fred's Lacoste shirt with the alligator emblem, \$44, are favorites for Andrew Schwartz. In another year he'll complete a bachelor of music degree at The Juilliard School, in preparation for professional orchestra work. His checked oxford-neck is by Jinger, \$36.94, an embroidered-cotton polo shirt is tied around his shoulders (Pierone, \$75). Calf-leather saddle shoes (Herringbone Rugs Rights) Another manifestation of the traditional look is seen on Dr. Jerry Kowitzblum, who teaches in the risk and insurance department at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School. A tweedy wool business-casual jacket, \$185 (with pants), and vest, \$35—both from Austin Road of Regent Street—are worn with cotton-and-polyester pants (Nina Gerrits Sport Division of Hysan Study Inc., \$35). His accessories: a flared button-down oxford-cotton-and-polyester shirt, \$39.50, Liberty of London silk tie, \$19.25; Yvonk Lacoste scarf, \$48; Calf-leather shoes.

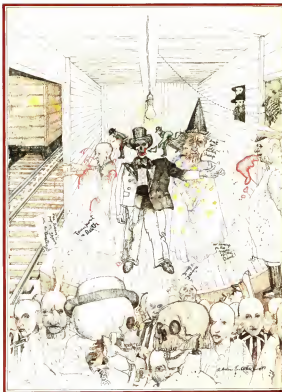




Above: For sophisticated sports clothes on a budget, go off, you can't miss with these wool slacks, \$66, which show off the new narrowed leg, a wool-and-cashmere pullover, \$68, and a cotton scarf to add a splash of red, \$18. They're all from Ennove. The high gloves, our weather and trench coat is from Lady Cox Division of After Six, \$170. It has front and back zips and a high collar vent. The leather boots are from Charles Jourdan, \$195. Our model, Laura Kieck, graduated this year from Yale.



Above: Good-looking tailored sportswear works well for Laurence de Ségnesse, who has a Harvard B.A., magna cum laude, and works as a model while studying dance at Carnegie Hall. Her leather wool blazer, \$255, cotton-corduroy pants, \$92, and stainless-steel V-neck pullover, \$120, are all by Bill Kaserman for Rubel. A parka cotton blouse adds a shot of color (Furrow, \$36). **Above left:** The work ethic is in for J. Stephen Balesky. He spent the summer working on a dairy farm after graduating in June from Cook College, the agricultural and animal-science branch of Rutgers University. He wears no-nonsense apparel that fits well and looks great: a Pendleton wool shirt, \$34; Wrangler jean jacket, \$19; nylon shell from Bog Smith, \$17; and New Max knitted-cotton pants, \$62. **Below:** leather cowboy boots, Justin boots, \$55; Gator gloves, Coach Leatherwear belt. **Left:** Ben Gertz, who graduated in May from the School of Forestry and Environmental Studies at Yale, plans a career as an environmental lawyer. His Pendleton wool jacket, \$75, has a concealed pocket in back, and a built-in backpack. Underneath, he wears a classic wool plaid Pendleton shirt, \$51, New Max cotton-cotton shirt, \$15, and sturdy Wrangler powerdrum cotton jeans, \$17.99. **L.R.:** Sean Moore Guide shoes, \$27; Ralph belt.



monies, Mister Schottler. The crowd sighed. They clapped, rhythmically, impatiently. They wanted to see the show.

"Look," cried Schottler. "He's Saggieman! And Unsteady and Verbie and Mordechai Klein!" The audience twisted around. There is a bench just inside the door, where the members of the Council. There were dressed in special dark coats and black polished shoes. The baggage rabbi like Numburg, and Chell, and Krandt of the Devout Business were standing there, too. With Numburg in front, they came down the center aisle. Nobody cheered. But there weren't any curtains, either. The procession went down, to the fairly stuffed chairs in the very front row.

Suddenly, there was a gasp, then a lot of huzzabooing. The Chairman and Madame Transpolder had appeared in the aisle!

A flash lamp went off. Ding-ding—it went off two more times. Young Krystal, the journalist was taking pictures. The couple walked into the glare. Madame Transpolder clutched her husband's arm, through his cloak, with both of her hands. Her veil was stuck, at the line of her lower lip, which was suggested. She was as thin, as her tight, tight gown, at a silver flash or a gasp. The Elder himself wore a black cape, with gold trimmings, and a hat just as black on his head. He was stooped, and his spectacle frames had slipped halfway down the bend of his nose. There were lines on his cheeks that made him look like a man aged one hundred years. The Transpolders reached the end of the aisle. All by themselves they sat in the two biggest chairs.

Then the chandelier speedily rose up and up, and Schottler, hands in his armpits, spoke once again. "Our show is ready to start! It's by a world-famous author. It has been played hundreds of years ago, before there were clocks or gas lamps or engines for steam. Here we are in a faraway land. This is a country without any Jews. A place where it's always night. What a fog! If you put your hand up, you can't see your fingers! Look! It's like the smoke from a fire! Seed of Abraham, close your eyes! You have to imagine these things, like little children do!" And, taking one side of the curtain in his hand, the Master of Ceremonies walked across the stage, like magic, the great purple sheet parted behind him.

At first the stage was dark, like a pitch-black box. But as yet, or something like an owl, was hooting. Then a yellow light came on, and you could see the fog. It was yellow, too, and looked like clouds of sulfur in the middle of the stage was a large, leafless tree. Its limbs were black and twisted. The branches of other trees stuck out from both wings. Were we in a forest? Suddenly, from either side of the stage, two really frightening figures trotted out. The members of the audience asked themselves: Are these men or women? As they came forward, they were dressed in black, with bushy, which suggested the female sex, as did the long curls of hair that came from under their conical caps. But the beards on their chins were just like a man's. These marvels met at the center of the stage and, from under the palms of their hands, peered anxiously about. What evils they had on their fingers! How the fogbank swirled about their tattered clothes!

Yet neither of these strange beings was as tall as a half-grown child.

All at once, from behind the trunk of the gnarled tree, a third cross came leaping. It was a cross, but also could such words be?—baked arms and dand in a circle. They went, as they hopped, he-he-he! The listener jumped so wildly that his hat dropped off. Some people—in his close-cropped hair, the shape of his skull—recognized him, he was the painter! The painter was! Grouching, his head lifting, he looked over his shoulders. These two began to speak, saying:

*Fair is foul, and foul is fair
We've through the fog and fifty air
The sword action, hand in hand.
Powers of the sea and land*

The voices belonged to Trunked, with his two blackened, in a wig and to Leibel Koffer, in a same disguise. The children of the Hatters' Asylum were sitting on a show! What a sensation! No one could remember when the orphans, the Elder's favorites had lost all their memory's words. And why had they kept away things—the long preparations, the months of effort—until a secret? Was it to give Transpolder and Madame Transpolder a wonderful surprise?

From some spot overhead, a thunderbolt sounded. A bright light—the forks of lightning—lit up the stage. An oration, standing where no one could see him, was speaking a piece of his. People knew that, but they cheered anyway. The rumbles and rars echoed like cannonballs rolling in a circle. And the one of white light spalled over the crowd's upturned, frightened faces. The slave dance from Ark had stopped. The three dancers, in the wind and rain, crept their hands to their ears. A shiver ran down their spines.

Two warriors, looking towards, moved from the back of the platform to the front. The faithful show broke about them. The lightning placed off their breastplates and shields. It was as if young Krystal were setting off all of his fish lamps at once. One soldier took a step forward! He wore something like an armor's helmet, with leather flaps for his ears. Fixed in his face was a curly black beard. "So foul and fair a day," he shouted into the howling-whirling bluffs. "I have not seen!"

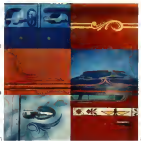
The other soldier was looking at the warlike soldier. His mouth opened and closed. From four his knees knotted together. He had a beard, too, but you could tell it was only his father's, who ten years before was just being born. He hugged his comrade-in-arms. The two warriors stared, trembling, again. "Hail! Hail!" cried the huge, snoring this way and that. At last, one carelessly, holding his weapon skyward, addressed his companions: "Speak, if you can. What are you?"

The garbier boy—he was supposed to be a dwarf-maid, without any tongue at all—put his hand on top of his head. Then he said, in the same fancy Polish that everyone else was speaking, "All hail, Master, that shall be King hereafter!"

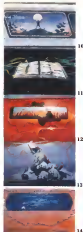
The sword fell out of the warrior's hand. He got to one knee and lowered his head, so that the audience knew he was bowing. The (Continued on page 127)

Handing words and pictures are added to accommodate body lines and tie together these bits of bad design. Detroit just left hanging. Rando, much less lyrical and more direct than pinstriping, tend to be either thematic (figure 8) or graphic (figure 9). Paints come in something else. It has a history as old as decorated vehicles. Pinstringers are the aestheticians of the auto-promoting world.

Traditionally, they have a delicate hand and an eye for detail. Their light touch makes things kind and fine—drawing up a door panel (figure 8), tying in a handle (figure 9), creating a long body line (figure 6) or drawing up an unadorned hood (figure 7). In figure 8, the painter, working with an airbrush in a style similar to that of many so-called fine artists, has created a dawning color wash around to mask the beetle look of the back of a van.



The Allegorical Handing School



Vaning isn't simply owning a truck. It means acquiring a whole new identity. At Shaky John, the California pinstriper, puts it: "More than any other vehicle, a van cries out for customizing and individualizing." The moment bridges the gap between the vanster's idea of himself and the theme of his van (figures 10-14). He takes his material from whatever is at hand. He'll invent, steal or modify an image or idea until he achieves the right feeling. The results might resemble Rembrandt or Mondrian. But more often it will be someone from the fantasy school. Whatever the source, the main purpose in sticking out a truck is to turn some heads. And they sure do.

The Allegorical School



What Stanford Does Better than Harvard

by Bill Schultz

Looking good at Stanford Biz

Remember when it was engineering and everybody owned a Spalding Two-Chem? Times a few years later, because nobody wanted anything to do with anything, they had everything to do with the war. Now it's big. Kidnappers are extorting twenty thousand dollars for graduates of the best schools and dividing that five years out.

Remember when Harvard was the best business school? It isn't anymore. Stanford in Palo Alto have taken to referring to Harvard as "a leading Eastern institution," as though Harvard had gotten caught testing toothpaste ingredients or something. There are figures. The Stanford poll of business-department chairmen around the country ranked five graduate programs on both the master's and doctoral levels, two categories in all. Stanford took seven firsts, including one tie with Harvard, and three seconds. Harvard took three firsts, including the top two seconds, and the rest scattered.

The American Institute of Certified Public Accountants polled its own people, who are out actually doing business, and they ranked Stanford first. Harvard came in tenth.

The Carlier Report was a poll that did something or other very considerable and came up with a composite score of 857 for Stanford and 529 for Harvard, 10 hours apart—like something you would find on a matchbook cover. Even people who don't like polls at all have got to waver when they are broken down to two points just the decimal.

I asked several faculty members at Stanford Biz what they thought of the polls.

"The polls are a great joy. They prove nothing."

I asked if maybe they would choose—

"Look, to begin with, what do they measure? Somebody gets a nomination to do a poll and sends around a questionnaire asking who has the best finance program. You have to say Stanford for its doctoral program and probably for its master's program also. They ask about management science, you have to say Stanford again for doctoral and Stanford, or maybe Carver, for the master's. Marketing master's goes to Harvard hands down, although their doctoral program isn't that good. Northwestern probably tops that one. So what have you got? Three, maybe four, firsts for Stanford already; one for Harvard. They could just as well have asked about business policy or industrial re-

lations or half a dozen other fields. They didn't, but they could have. And the poll results would have come out differently. Maybe Harvard would have gotten three seconds instead of two."

"So the polls don't really mean too much?"

"The polls mean everything."

"But you just said —"

"I just said the polls prove nothing. They mean everything. Top ratings mean that more companies come here to recruit, which means our graduates get more job offers, which raises the average starting salary, which attracts a better grade of students, which is what the companies are after. Top ratings mean we get more applications and more of the students we attract come here instead of going somewhere else, so we don't have to admit so many, which means we can be all the more selective."

"So the polls are self-fulfilling?"

"Of course. What else are they good for? All the polls in the world aren't going to convince me that one way of teaching business is any better than another way. That has to be worked out over time through trial and maneuvers and scheming, none as in the real world, in these easy approach to selling soap."

Remember when biz was so tacky you wouldn't let business students hang around and they had to hang out with people in sag and military science? They studied how bees ran its sales so they could go out and show other businessmen how bees run its sales. That has all changed, too. Biz is now about where medicine was at the turn of the century, with a large body of descriptive data and the theory beginning to coalesce that will make it an academic discipline.

The change started in World War II, with one-month Liberty ships and few charts and massive organization. Nobody had ever moved people or materials on such a scale before and business got sophisticated in a hurry. Immediately after the war, William L. Mellon asked businessmen what they needed in the way of managers and the word came back: people who could think in an orderly fashion. This was an abrupt change from the demand for technicians that had supported business study before the war. Mellon gave six million dollars' worth of Gulf Oil stock to the Carnegie Institute of Technology (now Carnegie-Mellon) to build a new school of business based on the studies of behavior, quantitative methods and economics to see if these would make an improvement on the descriptive-case method (invented by Harvard in the Twenties and Thirties). George Bush, now at (Continued on page 151)

Bill Schultz is a free-lance writer living in California. He is at work on his second novel.



There has never been a Yale-Harvard game like...

BLACK SATURDAY

This November, justly, thousands of people will trot out to the field of play to watch what they call The Game—who could doubt the supreme importance of the Yale-Harvard game?—and as history year, some undergrad will have an unexpected confrontation with celebrity. There will be the sophomore who looks up drunkenly as Paul Newman (Yale Drama '51) says, "Excuse me," and squeals by with a couple of Cokes, the student journalist who spots Dick Gooden (Harvard Law '88), Teddy White (H '54), Tony Lukas (H '68), Roger Angel (H '42), John Henry (Y '54) and Cleveland Amory (H '35) during the half-time show, the senior who shares a rumor with Teddy Kennedy (H '54) is the men's room, and the guy who finished *The Best and the Brightest* the night before and isn't sleeping hangs into Arthur Schlesinger (H '38), McGeorge Bundy (Y '40), Walt Rostow (Y '54) and other New Frontiersmen. Without fail, someone attending the game this year, stunned by equal parts of Jim Beas and the festival of names, will lean over and whisper to someone else, "Jeez, wouldn't this be the place to drop the bomb?"

On these pages, we offer a cautionary vision. The distinguished group assembled here represents a few of those who have been seen at The Game in recent years. And you know, we're not entirely sure we want them all to show up in the Yale Bowl this November 12, because Al-Falsh just might decide to float over the stands in a commandeered blimp and make all the Harvard men and all those poor little sheep go RAA RAA BOOM.

Left to right, Henry Kissinger (H '36), Daniel Moynihan (Yale '42), Kissinger, Brewster (Y '42), McGovern, Bundy, John Kenneth Galbraith (U of Toronto '21), Archbishop Cox (H '64), Lowell Weicker (Y '32), Norman Mailer (H '42), Gerald Ford (U of Michigan '21), Edward Kennedy, Paul Newman, William F. Buckley Jr. (Y '30), John Lindsay (Y '44), Cyrus Vance (Y '38), Howard Call (N Y U '40).



(Continued from page 111) second round, played by the Flicker led, screamed his outrage up. "There, there to me!" he said the three witches.

FIRST WITCH: *Lesser than Mabelith, and greater.*

SECOND WITCH: *Not as happy, yet more dangerous.*

THIRD WITCH: *Then shall get happy, though this be none.*

ALL TOGETHER: *So all And, Mabelith and Banggo! Banggo and Mabelith, all hail!*

No sooner had the creatures spoken than a whisp of fog rose up about them and, to thence, to coming lightness, they vanished inside it. Banggo ran here and there, clanking at the root with his sword. But when the clouds lifted, the word clouds were gone. The dawn was over. Everything was clear and calm. Mabelith, resting on one knee, never moved.

"Look, are my partner's rods," said Banggo. He walked near and put his hand on the shoulder of the looting man.

Banggo: *Were such things here? Or have we ruins on the moor now?*
That takes the reason from us?

There was no response. The green eyes of the owl—there it was, sitting on a tree limb—began to glow. Faintly it voiced. Banggo bowed by the ear of his friend. Even though he whispered, you could hear him in the furthest room. He shall be King.

On you want to know who is looting down? It was only the left-handed Mabelith. The clue was that the sword for his sword was on his right side. He was like a rock, not moving, not speaking. Banggo, backed, turned his back and leaned against the tree. Then all the lights on the stage began to fade. The owl stood out, bright and green. Just before the whole theater was swallowed up in fresh darkness, Mabelith, still kneeling, raised both his hands. His face was bowed up at the sky. Then—it was almost as if we were hearing his thoughts—he spoke these words: *Shere, shere, shere! No light here, no light here, no light here, no light here.*

That's when the curtains closed.

The Manchester of Poland—that's what people called our town. It wasn't a cultural center like Budapest. Bani Bernhardt never acted here in a play. Therefore, don't be surprised if hardly anyone is the audience understood what was going on. They didn't know about the great author Shakespeare. They had never heard of Mabelith. We expressed them who how lifelike the actors was, and the thick web of rotting fog. They also wanted to know why we were up there in the theater, and what we were to watch? Naturally, there were many disputes about the witches. Did such harpists really exist? Some

people took an idea and some graphic another. Finally, someone said that it was against the three witches were something that the looting soldier had dreamed. In dreams it's not only possible for women to wear hoods, but the worst things you fear come true.

All of a sudden, a cry, or maybe it was a Negro woman, came out of the wings. She walked up and down in front of the curtains. All of her hair went into a rope-thick braid, which came down to her waist. Her light dress had buttons on the front, from top to bottom. Lightly, with her hand, was on her hip. With both hands she held a letter, which she was reading out loud. Bang-bang, bang-bang—there were the words that had come from behind the stage curtain. As for the letter, it was all about meeting the witches, and told what we already knew.

Suddenly the brown-haired woman turned and faced the crowd. Her hand to the letter writer, even though he wasn't there:

*Then shall be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy words.*

It is too full of the milk of human kindness

To enrich the mortal soul.

No time holder,

That I may pour my spirits into a sleep.

And, Mabelith, with the ruler of my tongue

All that touches them from the golden crown.

At that moment, a little boy—he was standing as if he had a headache—was onto the lip of the stage. He had usual shoulders, like all of our city-borne Jews. His mouth opened up, but he didn't say a word.

"What is your tidings?" demanded the woman with the bottom.

But the boy from the Hatters? Anyhow, just stood on his heels. He was wearing top boots, like a German.

"What is your tidings?" Tearful tears.

Also, the poor fellow was changed. His eyes seemed to be crying.

The crowd wanted to help him, but no one knew the right words. There was an awful silence, even the background music ceased. In the front row, Trempe, in an irritated way, slapped his knee. It was as if it were the boy's face he'd struck. For the child opened his eyes and finally spoke. The King came here tonight? So saying, the messenger whirled about and set off in the direction he'd come from.

All eyes, however, were on the woman in front of the purple curtain. Her face, which had been so smooth, so calm even, was now strained and twisted.

She spoke through her shaking teeth, making a harsh sound:

The very himself is better

Than crumble the fatal extreme of

Dumour.

Under my bottomless Crown, you

perish.

That thou can mortal thoughts, were we know.
And all we from the crown to the toe, top!
Of direct cruelty!

What happened next created a sensation in the House of Culture. There had never been anything like it in the whole history of Poland. The woman on the stage said her last top button and pulled her gown down away from her chest. What a tremendous shock! This wasn't, after all, an anonymous actress, a stranger. It was our little Gritta Mit, all grown up. And you could practically see her bloom! Come to my women's breasts and take my milk, for god's sake!

"My dearest love, Dumour comes here tonight!" Someone else, speaking these words, was coming onto the stage.

A man! The brown-haired soldier! And the anonymous woman simply remained there, with her wide-shouldered gown half undone. In the eyes of the crowd, she looked what had gone before.

Where still she stepped down so that he, who was shorter, would be able to kiss her. Yes, he kissed her. He was still wearing his leather bodice. And the kiss did not stop it went on. The last ever had, dropped down, she wrapped him up. With his stiff arms he straddled against her. On the curtain, the lights were dimming and dimming. The little soldier faded in her arms, and both players in late disappeared into near darkness. Out of that gloom, there came the soldier's maddest voice: *If we should fail! And her reply:*

We fail!

When Dumour is asleep

What cannot you and I perform upon him.

We'll not fail!

Then the light was gone completely. No one could see a thing. Yet the form, to some, gave a shock. They thought that the soldier was still there, with his head on the beam of the velvet web.

Frontal. The lights blazed on again, the double drapes of the curtain parted, and the Jews now before them something more astounding still. For what had been, only minutes before, a forest, with a single gnarled and knotted tree, was now—up-to-the-top—the great hall of an ancient mother. Real Jordan was seen on the massive charms of wall, and battle flags hung from the ceiling. On the left, there was a big wooden door; on the right, a staircase, a hall, and a small one door at the top. Without thinking, people applauded. Everything was so well done. There was even music on the stage.

After the lights played the part of Asia where the elephants and catapulas start to arrive. The wooden door swung open, and a half dozen Hatters' orphans, in Scottish kilts and hats with feathers, stepped into the vaulted room. They were pretending to blow on ob-



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words, we had been standing before it, have dropped seats, and everyone in the theater saw there was something wrong up there. At first, glasses, it appeared to be a single lantern such as you see in the pictures, and then something broke it. A loud whistle rang from the speaker to the King. We'll point you to *Wagner's*, or *Stalin*! I don't know how many cheering his name, he continued. I felt a kick on the top of my head. I was told to get up. I saw him a bird, which began to travel back and forth. It was as if a person were wearing a mask, one with cut out holes for the eyes. That, it was exactly like the one I saw up on a plane that I saw on Stalin. I was told to get up. I saw the man standing on the side.

Notas: (1) m. en el primer renglón: m.
Manuscrito: B. 8.11.1.

Was the goblin terrible? The Noble was positively terrified at it with his hand, yet not a single quiver showed the slightest sign of courage. It was then that the figure in the sheet—perhaps just to call attention to its presence—rose from the chair and stood on its rubber-soled shoes. What was terrible, awful, unspeakable, really, was the weird horrible stork into one side of its body and the weird blade that came out the other side. Ladies and gentlemen! This was the ghost of Mr. Fisher!

All of the food previously mentioned was still on the table, practically untouched. The juicy red meat was there, and the glib fish with sautéed like gold leaf, and the crisp duck! But first or no first, the Jews were upset! A gasp! A groan! That time, however, the front row—the Council—was staying calm. The reason for this was that at the center, in her comfortable chair, Madame Trzcinska was not shouting like the others instead of going

Of all things she was laughing. And let it be told, her part of ours opened to the people around her. After all, there was something funny about what was happening on the stage. To see a green man, a man with a beard, trembling, shivering, and popping his eyes, was amusing to start with. But the real humor came when young Lafayette cried out with things as "fierce, horrible shadow!" and "Never shake thy grey locks of me!" and out a soul of the harpist could tell what he was talking about. For all this, however, the man was no one at all. What a stupid world!

The girls at the party seemed to be making light of the matter, too. "Oh, please!" snickered Gilda Bell, and her husband sheepishly added: "The Larkin and Larkin shenanigan and made with, mamma! Natchez herself, fully recovered, proposed a new spot."

"I think to the general joy of the table!" Everyone cheered. Then, with having a good time again. But the white sporter returned. The second was gone from its bush. Instead, there was a red splatish a woman at its throat. It was actually dangerous! At this horrible sight, the Zeta boys loudly sig-

You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.



And the result was, everybody sat down.

From then on, the performance continued back and forth, from one place to another. First we would be in England, where the forces of law and order, led by little Kravst, the dead King's son, were protesting to attack the dragon's lair. England? Imagine! The next moment we would be in that dark smoky, dead stuff! Clouds of asphyx dragged over the stage, crying for a piece of bread. Blind people flailing about, banging into the scenery. Words were the lifelines, who ledled this way and that, stumbling anybody they saw.

Finally we came back to the hall of the village's main. Night. Always night. At the top of the stairs, someone appeared holding a candle. It was Götta Eik. Her hair was loose and full of electrical charges. She was her neighbor's half-sister. A sister

walker.¹ The heart from the child
glowed on her open eyes. What stood
the Japs was the little japs her bow.

The "Shower" glass created by the Danforth Co. of America's Crystal and Glassware Plant, Danbury, is shown. The top



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And this is just the beginning! We mention 137 ways to get a check out of Uncle Sam. But we also mention 137 ways to get a check out of Uncle Sam. But we also mention 137 ways to get a check out of Uncle Sam. But we also mention 137 ways to get a check out of Uncle Sam.

On average, we estimate you could make \$500 a year. And you don't have to be a genius to get it. You just need to know the right way to get it. And that's what this report is all about. It's a complete guide to 137 perfectly legal ways to get a check out of Uncle Sam. It's a report that's been compiled by a team of experts who have spent months researching the latest in government check-writing techniques. It's a report that's been compiled by a team of experts who have spent months researching the latest in government check-writing techniques.

No matter what office you work in, there's always a way to get a check out of Uncle Sam. And you don't have to be a genius to get it. You just need to know the right way to get it. And that's what this report is all about. It's a complete guide to 137 perfectly legal ways to get a check out of Uncle Sam.

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COPIES SEPTEMBER 1973

If you had to name
the three finest beers
in the world,

what would the other two be?



at that party. And so my destiny had dropped a pleasant fate.

Jean's teacher, Rose d'Hernimourt, a wonderful man, had to leave to do something for the American Indians, and Jean decided I was the only person she could go on with as a substitute. So she asked to take a course with me. I took her on as a private student. I'm responsible to Jean's beauty, as I was in a wild high all the time, but I realized that some little person somewhere was maybe a notch higher, and that was Jean. When she left at the end of her second year, to go around the world with her family, then join Martha Gibson's dance company—Martha had asked her to dance with her, Jean was a beautiful dancer—well, I had a feeling that maybe she was it. But I wasn't sure. I still called her Miss Kilmann. What was I to make it so she'll see me after she graduates? I miss her. The Division of the World? I kept in touch with her through the grace of instruction. Ha!

"She was crazy about dance. I had a theory about the relationship of authentic forms to psychological grounds—it's one that really, don't wait—and she was going to be doing all those traditional dances, and I was deep in Oriental studies by that time. I'd give her advice. In the course of this exchange of letters it became evident to me that I'd been hooked. That was all! I met out two heroships and I saw that."

"In when Jean came back, 1918, we just got married. Her father was a minister. I was in such denial of religion that I told myself I wouldn't have what seemed to me a religious marriage. But her father was both a minister and her father—it was a kind of unexpected paternal blessing. When it came time to say 'I do,' I knew that it was more than a paternal blessing! Because the thing really was a marriage. Well, we'll be having our thirty-third wedding, so I think it took."

The Swami

"I was working a course in Kant, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Thomas Mann at Sarah Lawrence and one of

my students and I wanted like her mother's swans. So she invited me to meet the swam. And I met Swami Nidhananda, who was the pastor of the Ramakrishna Vivekananda Center again. He invited me to visit him in Round Lake in the Catskills, where Jean was off dancing at Kensington with Martha's company, so I went and stayed with the swami. A young man was helping him do a translation of *The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*. Martha told me to go to bed early, and get up early, and I like to go to bed late and get up early, so one evening Nidhananda handed me a chapter and said, 'Before you go to sleep you might like to read this and mark down any suggestions.' When he got the chapter back it looked like a map of the Lakynath. I could see the shock. So he asked me if I could go through the whole thing, a huge, huge piece of writing, and he would in exchange talk about Vedantic philosophy. This was a very big exchange. I worked on that piece thing for two years, a huge job."

Busting Pansopos Mike

"Well, we were married, I met Nidhananda, and Pansopos Mike was published. I'd been putting around with early editions of Pansopos—it was then called *Prak* in Pansopos—all these years, to when the book came out I bought it and read it that weekend, looking for soft spots so I could really go to work on it seriously, for my own pleasure."

"A chap I'd known at Columbia, Henry Morton Robinson—well, been a young member of the family, they had recognized and become a free lance writer (he later wrote the last of the *Five Canons*)—came to our place one evening with his wife and said, 'How are you doing with Pansopos Mike?' 'Fine.' 'How about you and I doing a book on it?' We'd talked about Joyce for years, he was a good Joyce scholar, a very good Joyce scholar, but I didn't take his idea seriously. We were working out in Northampton, we were fighting for, he argued me into it. We made an agreement, 1918, right after Pansopos

came out. And we started.

"Our agreement was Ronde would have all the authority on *How To Write a Book* and I'd have final authority on what Joyce was saying. Not that Ronde couldn't read it, but if it came to an argument I had last say on interpretation. A perfect arrangement, we called up better friends than we began. Ronde was fat and a poet, a wonderful one. I loved him."

"So that started busting Pansopos Mike; you had to do it. I wrote something like thirty thousand words about the first page and when I brought this to Ronde he said, 'For Christ's sake!' Are we going to do the *Karyakshema* Brahmanas? So he went at it with a word on and finally I found a way to do this thing: sketches of narrative, what the real terms of the story was as whole and all this had been structured as exploded out of. Worked on it four years. There were still cloudy areas so couldn't handle. And when we were finished he sent it to his publisher, Harcourt Brace. They didn't want it. We thought, What the hell, who needs it? Should we publish it ourselves? We knew it was valuable."

"Well, one day I read to the paper, which I used to read in those days, that Thurston Walker had a play going, *The Sign of Our Cross*. I'd done all my thespianing in the Twenties, but somehow I thought I'd like to see that play. We got tickets. First one balcony, row 100, one aisle after another from Pansopos Mike! Do you have a piece?" I start saying it down on the program. In the morning I phone Ronde. 'Wonderful. 'Ronde, all of Our Work in Pansopos Mike.' 'Oh?' 'Something ought to be done about it.' Monday he phoned Norman Cousins and we wrote a poem and Cousins published it as *The Sign of Whose Cross?* And it really rang a bell all over the country. Then he was in some and Mike went from explain to major to edited market, and we were just a pair of snobs and Joyce wasn't in our conviction, we were fighting for, they came down like a pack of wolves on us."



"Yes, I've had it with reading you! From here on in you're going to have to make it on your own."

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Recently, Silber's pet theme has been criticism. He is in favor of it. The "concrete" should be made of steel. "The concrete" are people in general, oppressed under the misguided democratic notion that all men are created equal. "The steel" are the few who are not. "Rejecting socialism in the interest of women and minorities is to effect a countervailing adjustment of the balance between the forces of justice from Jefferson and Adams," Silber characterizes between the forces where democracy works and where it does not. "The steel is the balance of the forces that every individual in a democracy ought to be democratic. In fact, most individuals are not. In fact, most individuals are not. In fact, within their might to be made by these most qualified to make them." The "concrete" are the few who are not. Among the various reasons in modern society, therefore, as Silber would want to do it, there is no doubt that it is not fair that these people should be so weak for the society at large. But it cannot function in other places in general industry. For example, or in an

Shortly after coming to B.U., Siller began to call in various department chairs about hiring new teachers. One of the first he asked to see was economist Charles Rye. "I had heard about Charles Rye from Bill Arrow-smith," Siller recalled. Arrow-smith, a

[illegible]

Boys disliking about Sister's suggestion. Sister sent a memo. Boys made some phone calls, one of them to Tom Gasko, who called Sister after it. Says Sister: "Tom Gasko said, 'What is this gap Charlie says? He said to me, 'Why would any good man want to come to Boston University? What a terrible place to be! Nobody in his right mind would want to come here.'" Well, I called Charlie Boys in, and I must say that I gave him reason to think I am

Days recall: "When I went back to see him, everyone told me that the way to deal with him was to yell and scream as loud as he did. So I went in, and I yelled, 'Fuck,' and 'Shit,' and, 'You son of a bitch,' and by God if he didn't start yelling back, and he yelled, and I yelled, and it went to this crescendo, and we collapsed, exhausted, and he said, 'I think when this is over, we're going to be real friends.' I said, 'I don't think so. I'm a mother's boy, and I can't take this sort of thing.'"

Eventually, Aronowitz and Cohen-Katz were hired. But the episode between Silber and Deys was paradigmatic. To the faculty, Silber was a bully whose idea of excellence was to find jobs for his Texas cronies and whose idea of consulting with the faculty was to present it with facts accompanis. To Silber, the D-U faculty were behaving like dogs in the manger, they were second rate people threatened by

the members and frightened at being overshadowed by more competent teachers. He had seen it at Texas, and now he was seeing it at BU. "You had to drop them screaming into better opportunities," he said. Perhaps the most important lesson he took away from the program, though, was that Bryce Ingers Miller's energy when he ought to have been in natural aid. "I agree with a great deal of what he believes in," says Bryce. "I believe that staged points should be made, that people should be made to feel that they are not doing enough. It must be kept alive, that a certain quantity of life must be generated on campus so that students can know that life can be beautiful. That's what the humanities are about. The exceptional

"Occasionally I probably have made more mistakes than I needed to make," said David Miller. "It was in the courts, and in the streets, and in the legislature, and the crisis I have done and not with anyone. One thing I was convinced of when I came to this that I didn't see a great deal of risk in taking. It was a great downside risk, with such a great upside potential. It was the only alternative. I knew that could easily go wrong. If you're going to take on those risks and the stakes become high, there is no other drive and no requirement that you have to take a risk. I think it's often unreasonable to overstate the problems. You take, for example, Dade County. I don't think it's a very good pitch about it—you know. Poor old Dade County, he had a mayor here. He wanted to know, he wanted to know about the trouble with Dade County. That

the very characteristics that could have kept brought him down. If he hadn't been adventurous, if he hadn't been a player, he wouldn't have entered the ruble of the Sphinx. He wouldn't even have challenged the Sphinx. Now you say, "Isn't it terrible that a guy who is that impulsive suddenly decides to know the truth when a plague overcomes Thebes." The very guy who will challenge the Sphinx will also challenge the cause of that plague. It's his obligation to ask. And then he has

"I've often said, 'Don't tell me some-
body's got votes. Let me ask this ques-
tion: Does he have virtues that
correspond to all those votes? If you
find people with virtues, there is nearly
always a concomitant vote. You give
me a person who is terribly, terribly
naïve to every sense is a social
stratagem, and I'll give you a person

For quite a while, the jury was out on the question of virtue and vice. On the one hand, Striker was shaking up the place, on the other hand, the place needed shaking up. On the one hand, he was talking about excellence and being holistic; on the other hand, he was-

used to talk about his wonderful new faculty members in a way that limited the self-censor. On the one hand, he asked the reviewers to "be nice to the new hires, raise the bar a little." On the other, he was meeting frequently with deans and department chairmen, as the old hand, and then Superconducting the new hires and their adjustment during their first two years. He said, "I'm proud of this faculty," and he encouraged them to "be like father," and he encouraged them to "be like me." They are successful. The Greek notion of *metis* and the Chinese notion of *de* are combined. They are confident, but they are not arrogant. The ordinary person is not so quick of temper, not so sharp. They treat faculty with the opposite of the deference that the Chinese would expect. They are aware that they are not the best, but they are, they imply, "Well, the faculty member can talk back. They don't disrespect the professor they serve." On the other hand, Robinson insists that the faculty be "like father," "like me," and he is, like me, other.

Graduate, Wilber's appointments began to fall into an odd pattern. The one in England in 1904 was for Earl Robert Cecil, then secretary of state. He was to take over the School of Oriental Studies. Peter Gabriel led a partnership of McKim and Company, and the Robert McManis, Alexander McManis, who had been at Harvard and Roosevelt, took over at the College of Liberal Arts. But Wilber also began to work for the U.S. Navy. He was to work with those individuals over not quite as obvious. His old friend Ernie Cramer, a former seafarer, became vice-president of the Navy's Bureau of Naval Ordnance. His old friend Clark Gable, a journalist who had been doing out of the way in London, became vice-president of the Navy's Bureau of Naval Construction. And his old friend Frank May Henneberry, a budget analyst at U.T., took over the budget while Vice Assistant William "Lucky" Smith took over the Navy's Bureau of Naval Personnel.

As one associate dean put it: "Either simultaneously put strong people in on teams and surrounded himself with weaklings. Then he centralized decision making in the administration. You can't control strong individuals at the periphery with centers at the center."

An Iron Discard, "Greece about 1818" a doctored and treated historical legend. "He would rather see them be right," says one of his sons. Some of the names fought; both others had no interest in it, while at the same time one member of the family was a member of the British Royal Navy. J. Robert Wilson of the School of Theology, presented a new plan for an interdisciplinary doctoral. When he finished, Silber snapped "I thought the Church stopped burning out and giving in to the seventh century." When Silber and his family fled, they fled. When Silber and his family fled, they fled. When Silber and his family fled, they fled.

destruction suffered before to one of Silder's administrative responsibilities, he talked to the executive committee of the department and began shouting "Turkey all morning. You're all insane. Who doesn't you know, up? Who don't you grow up?" It was all so meaningful, so serious! Even Silder's teachers were not immune. Clark Cotton arranged the 1974 commencement, and it went off without a hitch. Afterwards, Silder got into a car with Cotton and blew up at him because there had been a grave

Elcher conducted his exchanges with students in the same way. He attacked the student poems ruthlessly, he sneezed and jumped up and down while telling the editor of the *Daily Free Press* that an article the paper had printed was "sh!t." He called a student leader a "problematic son of a bitch." He refused to sign a letter thanking the Housewife League for its

participation in the housewrecking parade, and when a member of the housewrecking committee came in to ask whether it had been an oversight, he shouted at her and said "If that has anything to do with the gay movement, I don't want anything to do with it."

In February of this year, to take another example, Silber appeared before a H.U. student conference and handled questions after speaking. A young man rose and deliberately told him that the students felt isolated from the administration. Silber answered: "You are isolated. English has been read. Kundera has been read. And as you grow older, you will become more and more like me. You will be like me, at least. Not you, you, with you." The student sat down, apparently reassured. Silber's answer was classic cynicism, the (passive) aggressor effect of telling someone that there are no holes in his world is that there are no holes.

I asked Heller about it when I interviewed him.

"I thought I was treating that standard somewhat," said Polking. "Let me tell you a story of the time that Martin Luther came to visit me in the summer of 1962. I was then at the Graduate Philosophy Club, and we had to take him back to New York. I was sitting in the front seat, and Mr. and Mrs. Baber were in the back seat. Baber had just made a statement that he was not a Jew, and we had an intellectual problem at the time. And I said, 'Professor Baber, how is it that you have this problem that you know God? And he said, 'Is this a personal question or is this a philosophical question?' I said, 'Oh, that is a philosophical question.' I thought that was the right name to make. And he said, 'My boy, I am not tired of philosophical questions. If I am different, I feel like a man, and I feel



Nothing Happened

[Continued from page 717] homosexual revolution there was the annual revelation (hundreds of Four covers put before my eyes). Bitter-sweet couples who five years before went in for a long series of hugs in first, second and third base now gaily announced on the first date. One of the first public homosexuals in my class once told us how surprised he was that his great announcement hardly caused a ripple. The overall reaction seemed to be "So what?"

All of the things that in the past had been double hidden—class, religion, and

prisoners of sex, not men, not an one's choice. There was an abhorrence of anything girly. November 1968 was the days when the conventional public art was the destruction of film. In private, you were just another victim of the system, but in public, bare up your draft card, you were a hero. Anything you flaunted would be used against you, and as the war on, you could forget anything. Or almost anything was viewed as insufficient. An observed painting to be a corporate president, for instance—was a guarded secret. The secrecy itself became the usually straight

The big wave of the Indian boats in the southeast Monsoon is predicted about as its fresh. (That same water is now tranquil and flat.) To pour it in as that shimmering water was the policy of military administrators: a guarantee is a wave of young fish that cannot be stopped by something as low and small as a college admissions officer—can't be stopped, but it can be slowed.

The people who run the universities and colleges at the end of the 1980's had problems. Rates, fees and strikes meant bad prices and, worse, a shortage of money. What sort of old grad would endorse a college full of drug-dead, substance miscreants? At the time, a risk

[illegible]

And no-one policies that made room for anesthetics, blood-suckers, dragons, breathers and the just plain snubbed, was easily changed. Two young environmental officers at World Funds would no longer prove the highest-cost route to looking for interesting and exciting prospects. By 1975, they would be accepting two thirds the number of banks that they took in my freshmen class and one-third more money donations and one-third more stock in a carbon program. An academic achievement, discretion, straightforwardness and reliability. In April, the first envelopes containing acceptance and the first ones bearing rejection changed hands.

What kind of undergraduates did these new professors favor? I quote what one such student used wrote in his college yearbook: "By making either students I learned that I was not unique in having been a discriminated lower throughout high school. Many of these Yale students shared my primary question: Why should I study on hard-

... During sophomore slump, constant-headed drifter and deeper in a dark cloud... I filled voluminous letters to friends with my impressions of LeNauve. Withdrawn from my closest friends of freshman year, I coped with a gloom that I felt could be unbearable.

[illegible]

I once talked one of these new students to finish an article that he had promised a campus magazine. He explained that he couldn't because he was taking a great many courses. I remarked that I was suffering under a similar load but had still found time to edit the damn magazine. He replied, "Oh, I didn't realize you studied. What are you pre-?" Framed, prelaw, pre-business, pre-biotech, pre-art. Frodo, in effect, and post-nothing. Students had stopped considering these subject areas.

They were desperate to be anything but themselves, but in the end they were aging their parents, preposterously. Rightlessly they affixed every act they could—except the era immediately before them. They couldn't move what they couldn't understand.

On the wall of a bar in New Haven hangs a remarkable photograph. It shows a soldier at a table waiting for a drink. There are other photographs on the wall—headshots, in fact—and they all look the same: little man-faces color snapshots of drinking underdogsters. They're the regulars, the hall of fame. The swag keeps on accumulating, loaded with flashlights under the bar, the way some bartenders keep a knuckled bar or a gun. When he feels good and feels that everybody looks good, he pulls out the camera and takes more.

The students near the door point at the photographs when they recognize themselves or a friend. But in one picture they never recognize anyone. It's a picture of troops outside the bar at night, in battle fatigues, with helmets and gas masks, and with arms

That adds to more mischief on the stage of '90, that they were ignorant students who drank in this bar and whose horny portraits hung on the wall is something that the college's earnest faculty knew, the same way they knew that Marlborough won the Battle of Marston in 1304. To them, agent history is like a grandparent who died when they were young. They remember it but can't remember anything about it, except what they are told. —



EN

I wasn't. There was no carved-in problem doing anything; there's even a few things that once considered? I've taken it all off if those and myself of the protocol me to release a sign what I'd lost like with Adam seeing the there was made. As part of photograph I am can find-a-clip with lots of them had taken a

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was *Free My Black*.
My attitude took
a turn, I spent the
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I WASN'T GETTING ENOUGH VITAMINS

then other body cells, so a poor nutritional status is a concern for the rest of your body may be starving.

With the aid and advice of a registered dietitian, you can develop a diet plan that is well-balanced and provides the nutrients your body needs. A dietitian can also help you understand the importance of a healthy diet and how to make changes to your diet to improve your health.

to be dominant and identify as gay or lesbian. I'd just said open business. Now I

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**I WASN'T GETTING
ENOUGH VITAMINS FOR MY HAIR.**

than other body cells, so even though your nutritional intake may be sufficient for the rest of your body, your hair may be starving.

What are the advantages of this method? It is a simple, fast, and repeatable method. It is also a very effective method for identifying and eliminating the causes of a problem. It is a very effective method for identifying and eliminating the causes of a problem. It is a very effective method for identifying and eliminating the causes of a problem.

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2 My Forty Years With the F.B.I.

John Kenneth Galbraith asked for and received the dossier on a kid in the F.B.I. As he left, the experience was like opening a can of worms—strong one, strong one. He says being a cop in the F.B.I. was in the field was a fairly take and (right); it was J. Edgar. Congress and various Presidents of the U.S. who were involved in his activities.



3 Sex and The Lonely Guy

Bruce Jay Friedman's *Lonely Guy* is back, including this time about the girls in his life. How does your average *Lonely Guy* go about enjoying the new world of sexual delight to find, at the same time, manage to get it? Well, if he's smart, he reads this.

4 The Photographer As Ghoul

Larry Schacht is the photographer that Martin Muller, Guy Gilmore and Lee Harvey Oswald made famous. Death is his theme, media exploitation is his business. Robert Friedman picks the killer and his sub-angles.

5 The Best of Dubious

From the pages of *Esquire*, a distillation of the best of the most-sensational Dubious Achievements. Let others fight the goodness of mankind—mankind knows better. A window on the world of folly, with an introduction by David Newman, one of the early old masters of the Dubious form. Plus an invitation to our readers to join in the fun.

6 And, and, and...

Daniel Schorr, called from TV, tells us what he really thinks of the medium. Tom O'Brien writes a very short story that's very good. Aaron Falkow becomes a fly on the wall in a room with Herbert Harsho Blumfeld. Tony Swann tells you how to drive a small car well. Martin Gardner paints the finger at scientists who have failed their conclusions. Two Roadbook guides tell the drivers on Elms, and, and — more.

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